The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 110. Vol. XIX. NOVEMBER, 1900. Price Sixpence.

The December Number of the Bookman will be a Christmas Double Number, and will contain a Portfolio of Literary Portraits by G. F. Watts, R.A. The price of the Christmas Number of the Bookman will be One Shilling net. Full particulars will be found on p. 63.

In future the published price of the Bookman will be net.

Special attention is called to the notice on p. 65.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* November *will be noticed in the* December *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th December *in the* January *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Low, the well-known golfer, is making good progress with his biography of F. G. Tait, a work which promises to be one of great special and general interest. Every golfer will be attracted by the diary in which Tait carefully recorded every match in which he played, commenting on its features. The general reader will be attracted by the picture of an eminently lovable character, and also by the series of letters in which Tait describes his experience, so sadly cut short, of the South African War. Mr. Andrew Lang is to contribute an appreciation, and Mr. A. J. Balfour has written to Mr. Low as follows :—

"Dear Mr. Low,—I am glad to hear that you have undertaken to write a memoir of the late F. G. Tait. Few golfers, I should think, have ever enjoyed a wider popularity—few can have deserved it better; while his genius for golf must always remain in the memory of those who had the privilege of seeing him play as something which in quality was almost unique."

The book will be abundantly illustrated, and Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. hope to issue it before Christmas.

Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) proposes, as soon as the novels on which she is now engaged are completed, to issue a new edition of her father's (Charles Kingsley's) novels, poems, and children's books, with introductions. These will be less biographical than an attempt to trace the development of Charles Kingsley's mind, the expansion and modification of his views in religious, scientific, political, and social matters. They will involve incidental mention of many interesting persons among Charles Kingsley's friends, and of the public movements in which he took part, and in connection with which his influence is still sensibly felt. The introductory chapter to each volume will contain passages from unpublished letters and papers in Mrs. Harrison's possession, and will, in some cases, be illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches of Charles Kingsley's. The edition will be published by Messrs. Methuen and Co. in England, and by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. in New York. It is hoped that it may form an interesting contribution to the history of English modern thought, covering as it will a period of about thirty years, from 1844 to 1874.

The illustrations for Mr. Kipling's new story, "Kim," are being done by two artists whose knowledge of Indian life and character is probably only second to that of the writer himself. The novelist's father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, is preparing a series of panels which are modelled in clay; and, as in the set he designed for the "Outward Bound" edition of his son's works, he confines himself mainly to figures typifying the characters of the tale, leaving to his collaborator, Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks, the task of picturing the crowds, bazaar life, and action of the narrative.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has been writing a long introduction to the Minerva Library edition of "The Romany Rye." The paper, which is of very great interest, is simply a defence of Borrow from attacks made upon him all round.

Mr. Norman MacColl has retired from the editorship of the *Athenæum*, a position which he has held for thirty years. It is the barest justice to say that Mr. MacColl has shown himself a strong editor. He has given himself to his task with entire devotion. His name is little known to the general public, and in literary circles he has been an unfamiliar figure. Under his charge considerable improvements have been made in the appearance of the *Athenæum*. The type has been made much clearer, and the literary gossip has been better presented. Much more space has been given to short criticisms, and these have often been done with exceptional knowledge and ability, especially those of books relating to history and politics. Great pains have been taken to put new works into the hands of specialists, and in all the departments the business of editing has been performed in a workmanlike manner. As for the reviews, Mr. MacColl's great achievement, that by which he will be remembered, was his securing Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton as a regular contributor to the *Athenæum*. From the day when Mr. Watts-Dunton's first article—on the Noctes Ambrosianae—appeared, the *Athenæum* at once took a higher standing. Far away in America, Lowell recognised that a new voice was speaking, and for many years the extraordinary series of rich and profound disquisitions on every literary subject from Mr. Watts-Dunton's

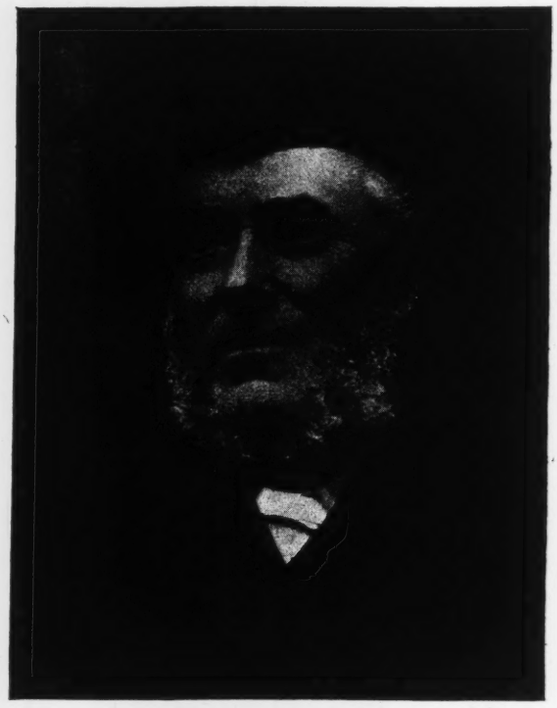
pen were the main charm and attraction of the paper. Indeed many, we believe, took the *Athenæum* solely for the sake of these articles. Mr. MacColl had at various times the services of other really eminent critics, but none of them, so far as we know, remained upon the staff. He managed, however, to retain scholarly and careful specialists. Where he singularly failed was in the reviews of fiction, which, as Dr. Conan Doyle truly said, were the worst that appeared in any periodical of standing. On the poetry of the day Mr. Arthur Symons has expressed his well-known views, and amongst recent contributors is another young Irishman, Mr. W. P. Ryan. Mr. Francis Hindes Groome has been responsible for much careful work, and in the department of philosophy Mr. T. Bailey Saunders has written weightily. We ought not to forget that Mr. Dykes Campbell contributed to the *Athenæum* some of his most learned critiques. Apart from the contributions we have mentioned, the most important and valuable part of the *Athenæum* was to be found in the middle. The student of literary history can never overlook the many valuable documents and biographies which appeared there. Mr. MacColl was alive to the importance of really sound, good obituaries, and Mr. Joseph Jacobs and others contributed excellent work under this heading. The *Athenæum* under his editorship has become far less important as a literary guide than it used to be in the days when the Brownings wrote to each other about Chorley's criticisms, and Bulwer Lytton in his fury dubbed it the "Assinæum." (We know what Bulwer Lytton said about this, but our statement is correct.) Another irate author called it in the early fifties "that maundering and malignant dotard of the press." Nowadays the greatly increased space given to literature in the daily papers, London and provincial, and the appearance of many other journals, have relegated it to a secondary position. But it is still valuable, and, we hope, will long retain its value.

While in a manner respected, the *Athenæum* has never had the goodwill of any class of the literary community. This is partly due no doubt to its honesty, but there are other and less creditable reasons for the fact. It could never after Maurice's time be described as a generous or even a fair journal. When Mr. Watts-Dunton, perhaps the only genial writer on its staff, wrote a paper on its past history, he was obliged to go back to the days of Maurice for quotations that could be looked back upon with pride. Under Mr. Hepworth Dixon there was hardly a pretence of fairness. Dixon was a good editor in the sense that he made it seem as if almost every article came from the same pen. De Morgan, of course, by far the best contributor to the *Athenæum* in Dixon's time, could never be mistaken, but Dixon subdued other writers to his own manner. He was the bitterest of antagonists, and one of the least scrupulous. His treatment of poor Hain Friswell's Familiar Quotations was one of the most scandalous things in literary journalism. Friswell, it is true, was not an educated man, but he was as well educated as Dixon. We wish we could say that Mr. MacColl had improved the character of the *Athenæum* in this respect, but he has not. No literary man that we ever heard of is grateful to the *Athenæum*. No one ever accused the *Athenæum* of doing anything magnanimous. No young writer ever owed his start to the *Athenæum*. We say this with great regret, but it merely means that the traditions of the paper have been faithfully kept up.

The new editor, Mr. Vernon Rendall, has been assistant to Mr. MacColl for several years, and has been, it is said, reader for Messrs. Methuen. We heartily wish him success in the management of our contemporary. He will succeed by observing the best traditions of the *Athenæum* and breaking with the others, by making his paper more charitable, more generous, more magnanimous. And since the trend of literary development is towards imaginative work, it may be hoped that fiction will be treated in the *Athenæum* with more power and more appreciation. To discover a second Theodore Watts-Dunton is a piece of good fortune that no young editor has a right to expect. For the *Athenæum's* sake and for our own sake, for the sake of literature generally, we hope nevertheless it will befall Mr. Vernon Rendall.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's new novel will first appear in serial form in the *Woman at Home*, and will thereafter be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Andrew C. Armstrong, head of the well-known publishing firm of A. C. Armstrong and Son, New York. Mr. Armstrong had passed his seventieth year, and for a time was partner in the Scribner firm. When Mr. Charles Scribner died in 1871



THE LATE T. E. BROWN.

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the firm was reorganised as Scribner, Armstrong and Co. In 1878 Mr. Armstrong retired, and along with his son, Mr. J. S. Armstrong, founded the firm of A. C. Armstrong and Son, which has done very good business. One of their most important successful publications has been the American edition of the Expositor's Bible.

The following criticism of "Lavengro," the edition published by Messrs. Ward and Lock, appears in a Roman Catholic paper, and is quite worth adding to the curiosities of literature :—

"We suppose the publishers find that this sort of literary rubbish, suffused with antediluvian bigotry of the most benighted character, pays; otherwise, no doubt, they would not have issued it as a volume of their 'New Minerva Library.' It consists of a twaddling introduction by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who tells us he has been 'brought into personal relations with many men of genius,' and so on *ad nauseam*, and of a sort of novel by Mr. Burrow, in a palpable imitation of the style of Defoe without a spark of Defoe's ability. The only thing for which this Mr. Burrow is distinguished is his crass anti-Catholic bigotry, and the terms in which, in one part of the book at least, he refers to the Blessed Virgin are an outrage, not merely on the religious feelings of Catholics, but also on ordinary propriety. Catholics, unless they deserve to be treated scornfully, will take note of the fact that such a work as this has been issued by Messrs. Ward and Lock."

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, the distinguished American author, was recently married in New York. His recently published novel, "Janice Meredith," has had a good sale in this country, but nothing like the extraordinary sale it has had in America, where Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. have, we understand, sold some 200,000 copies.

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH AND PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND.

From a new photograph taken by Messrs. Elliott and Fry during the Archbishop's recent visit to London. The Right Rev. the Bishop of Derry contributes an article on Archbishop Alexander to this number of THE BOOKMAN.

The first of the three new "Dolly Dialogues" which Mr. Anthony Hope has recently written will be published in this country towards the end of next month in the *Westminster Gazette*. In America it will appear in *McClure's Magazine*.

We hear that the publication of the *New Magazine*, the new venture of Messrs. Hearst and Russell, of New York, has been postponed until the spring of next year. Possibly it may not appear until the autumn.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has written a new novel, which will be published serially in the *Lady's Realm*. The first instalment will appear almost immediately. Messrs. Hutchinson will issue it afterwards in book form.

Mr. Baring Gould has written a new novel for serial publication in *Madame*, where it will appear in the early part of the new year. Mr. Baring Gould's serial story, "Our Joan," which has recently concluded in the *Queen*, will be issued in book form by Messrs. Methuen in the early spring of next year.

Mr. W. L. Alden is spending the winter in Egypt. A novel which he has recently completed will be published at an early date in *To-Day*.

We regret to hear that Sir Walter Besant has again been confined to his house through illness.

We understand that the initials "J. M." at the end of the column of literary notes in each Friday's *Daily Mail* stand for Mr. James McArthur, who was formerly editor of the New York *Bookman*, and is now the London representative of Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Co., of New York.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. will publish shortly a new volume of stories written half by Miss Jane Findlater and half by Miss Mary Findlater.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has lately arranged to take over the remaining copyright of her most famous novel, "Ships that Pass in the Night," from Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, and it will in future be issued by Messrs. Blackwood and Son, the publishers of the most of Miss Harraden's other books.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS MARY E. WILKINS,
Whose new historical novel, "The Heart's Highway," is reviewed on another page.

Mr. Bret Harte has arranged to publish through Messrs. Pearson a new volume of stories. It will be issued about the end of January or early in February next.

Mr. Frank Bullen's next book, which will be published in England by Messrs. Pearson, and in America by McClure, Phillips and Co., will be entitled "A Sack of Shakings"—a sailor's term that aptly describes the nature of the volume, which will consist of a collection of essays and sketches that have appeared from time to time in various English and American periodicals.

We understand that Mr. Egerton Castle is putting the finishing touches to a new romance that will shortly commence in *Temple Bar*.

Mr. Frank Harris will shortly issue, through Messrs. Grant Richards, a volume of short stories under the title of "Montes, the Matador." This is, we think, Mr. Harris's first appearance in fiction since "Elder Conklin" was published some six or seven years ago.

It is announced that Mr. W. D. Howells is to be one of the literary advisers in the reorganised house of Harper and Brothers. Mr. Howells will contribute a monthly article to the *North American Review*.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 20TH, 1900.

The month opened well, and a firmer tone was early noticeable. The indications of an increase in trade, which were apparent at the time of our last going to press, have been well realised, and throughout the whole of the month the improvement has continued to be well sustained, a very considerable revival having taken place. The Parliamentary contest, which was looked forward to as a probable deterrent to business, was expeditiously carried through, and does not appear to have affected the book market otherwise than causing the appearance of a few pamphlets and handbooks pertinent to the subject, the sales of which were naturally of short duration.

During the earlier part of the month the sales in educational literature were very brisk, an especial feature being the large demand in manuals and text-books for technical classes.

There has been the usually large influx of annual volumes typical of the time of year, but the business thus far in these has been mainly confined to the export departments.

At the risk of appearing somewhat monotonous, it is necessary to again emphasise the vast preponderance of fiction in the flood of books now being poured into the market; indeed there appears to be no limit to the output of this class of literature.

Some eighty or ninety new 6s. novels have appeared since our last report was issued, a fair proportion being by well-known authors. "The Master-Christian," doubtless greatly helped by the various controversies in the press, has maintained its hold upon the public, and still continues to lead the way. Miss Braddon's "The Infidel," Anthony Hope's "Quisanté," J. M. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel" have been very popular, and H. S. Merriman's "Isle of Unrest" has continued to be in constant demand.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON,
Whose remarkable novel, "Senator North," is reviewed on another page.

A few of the more notable works in connection with the South African campaign have been sought after. "Ian Hamilton's March," by Winston Churchill, and "An Absent-minded War," by a British officer, have probably been the most popular.

F. T. Bullen's "Men of the Merchant Service" has also sold freely.

Biographical works have rallied somewhat during the month, the most important being "The Life of Archbishop Plunket," by F. D. How, "Random Recollections of an Old Publisher," by William Tinsley, and, as we go to press, "Oliver Cromwell," by John Morley, appears.

Almanacks and annuals of every conceivable variety have been to the front, and have already sold largely, principally, however, for export. Considering the great increase in education and the supposed enlightenment of the present generation, the extent to which the prophetic almanack still retains its hold upon the public is somewhat astonishing.

Although at the close of the holiday season the sales of sixpenny reprints were somewhat diminished, there still continues to be a well sustained demand for the more popular volumes of the series, and good orders have been received from the provinces.

There has been little or no change in magazines; the old favourites still continue to be extensively circulated.

The following is a selection of the books which have been most popular during the past month:—

The Master-Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
Quisanté. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Isle of Unrest. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Infidel. By Miss Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)
Boy. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. By Mark Twain. 6s. (Chatto.)
Rue with a Difference. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Tommy and Grizel. By J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Cassell.)
A Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Fourth Generation. By Sir W. Besant. 6s. (Chatto.)
The Gateless Barrier. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
Heart's Highway. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s. (Murray.)
Men of the Merchant Service. By F. T. Bullen. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Ian Hamilton's March. By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Longmans.)
An Absent-minded War. By a British Officer. 1s. (J. Milne.)

Educational Works too various to detail, and Sixpenny Reprints, Almanacks, and Annuals.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Sept. 22—Still quiet in both Home and Export.
" 29—A marked improvement in Colonial and Export Departments.
Oct. 6—Trade much brisker in all departments. Educational literature moving briskly.
" 13—A good week all round.
" 20—Increase in orders well sustained.

(2) SCOTLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 20TH, 1900.

Following upon an exceptionally good school-book trade, there came the turmoil of the General Election with its usual literature, and, at the same time, a most active output of popular works by all the leading publishing firms.

The most successful book of the month was unquestionably "The Master Christian," by Marie Corelli, the sales of which were much beyond expectation. Other six-shilling novels bulking largely in the month's business were Merriman's "Isle of Unrest," Twain's "Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," Hope's "Quisanté," Conrad's "Lord Jim," Jacobs' "Master of Craft," and, just as this report was issued, Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel" appeared and moved off readily.

In connection with South African affairs, Messrs. Blackwood found a ready sale for a re-issue of Captain Haldane's articles on "How we Escaped from Pretoria," and also in the publication of Lord Rosslyn's volume, entitled "Twice Captured." Several histories of the war were issued, and met with some success.

In religious literature and religious biography the following were prominent:—Dr. Matheson's "Studies in the Portrait of Christ" (volume 2), Drummond's address delivered in America, entitled "Stones Rolled Away," Dr. Landells' Life, and also several editions of Mr. Moody's Life.

The demand for that clever attack on the War Office, "An Absent-Minded War," continued as brisk as ever.

As usual at this season, orders came freely to hand for annuals, annual volumes of serial publications, and almanacs. Preparations were also abundant in stocking books suitable for the Christmas trade, and much enterprise was shown by the various prominent firms engaged in issuing juvenile gift-books.

The sixpenny reissue of standard works bulked largely in the business done, but generally there was a tendency towards a decline in the output. The sixpenny volume calling for remark was Fitzpatrick's "The Transvaal from Within."

On account of the end of the travelling season, magazine sales fell away rapidly, and the only feature of this department worthy of notice was the hearty reception given to Messrs. Hutchinson's carefully prepared, illustrated new work, "The Living Races of Mankind."

The following is our usual list of best-selling books:—

Six-shilling Novels:—
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. (Methuen.)
Tommy and Grizel. By J. M. Barrie. (Cassell.)
The Isle of Unrest. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Lord Jim. By Joseph Conrad. (Blackwood.)
Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. By M. Twain. (Chatto.)
Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. (Methuen.)
Quisanté. By Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)
Footsteps of a Throne. By M. Pemberton. (Methuen.)
In Male Attire. By J. Hatton. (Hutchinson.)
Rue with a Difference. By R. N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
The Lane that had no Turning. By G. Parker. (Heinemann.)
The Brass Bottle. By F. Anstey. (Smith, Elder.)

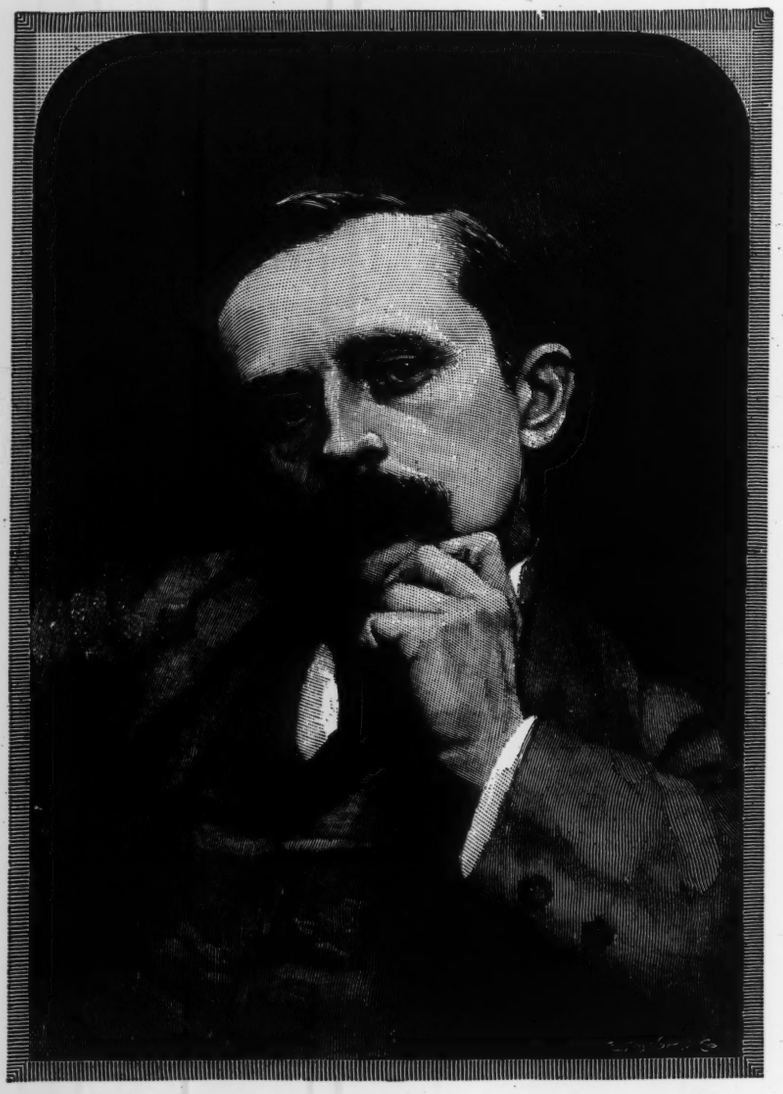
Miscellaneous:—
Studies in the Portrait of Christ. By Dr. Matheson. Vol. II. 6s. (Hodder.)
Lord Rosebery. By T. F. G. Coates. 2 vols. 24s. (Hutchinson.)
Joseph Chamberlain. By N. M. Marris. 10s. (Hutchinson.)
Earl of Rosebery. By J. T. Stoddart. 6s. (Hodder.)
Dr. Landells' Life. 6s. (Cassell.)
How we Escaped from Pretoria. By Captain Haldane. 1s. (Blackwood.)
The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 6d. (Heinemann.)
An Absent-Minded War. By a British Officer. 1s. (Milne.)

The Reader.

J. M. BARRIE.

By WILLIAM WALLACE, LL.D.

THE author of "Tommy and Grizel" and of the latest—would it were the last!—attempt to present on the stage the conflict between the rival rights of two women to one man, between possession in love and possession in law, belongs to a Scotch stock and to a type of intellect that regard material prosperity as a thing not to be mentioned in the same breath with moral success. It would savour as distinctly of vulgarity to judge the character or career of the biographer of Margaret Ogilvy and the creator of Hendry, Jess, and Leeby McQuhumpha by the number of thousands that represents the sale of his books or the number of other thousands that represents the amount of his theatrical royalties, as it would have been to measure Carlyle's influence as a prophet by the list of the dinner invitations which he declined. And yet the facts that exhibit the remarkable rise of a reputation cannot be ignored—were they not written in all the biographical dictionaries before Mr. Hammerton published his book?—that Mr. Barrie was born in his own Thrums over forty years ago, that he was educated at Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University, that he tried journalism in Nottingham and in London long enough to enjoy the fun without being oppressed by the dreariness of daily producing the largest number of words in the smallest number of minutes upon nothing in particular, and that in 1888 the world, including "the town," woke up to read "Auld Licht Idylls," and find that in its author Scotland had secured both its Richardson and its Dickens—happily rolled into one. It is only twelve years since then, and already we have three Barries. There is the Barrie who has by his "Window in Thrums" and "The Little Minister" completed the work of "Auld Licht Idylls," given to his "Thoreaus 'ben the hoose'" their proper and final places in the gallery of moral dignity, and has even in his own undemonstrative Scottish way done what Johnson claimed for Richardson—"enlarged the knowledge of human nature and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue." There is the Barrie who, droll as Mr. W. W. Jacobs or the kitten that upsets the Auld Licht minister's ink bottle on his sermon, has become one of the most successful writers of healthy light comedy — although the Babbie of the stage would have been far better, in my opinion, without her French maid, who spoils the purity of the atmosphere in "The Little Minister" with a quite unnecessary "Pink Dominoes" patchouli. And finally there is the third Barrie, who, as dramatist and novelist, has, like Mr. Pinero, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Meredith before him, plunged into a sea of "problems," thinking possibly by opposing to end them. Some of us, as we watch his performance from the shore with wistful anxiety, may wish he had never taken the plunge. But even this third Barrie is young, and like every writer who, being endowed with force of character, seeks through literature to apply ideas to life, must complete the Wilhelm Meister's Pilgrimage of fiction, must face the



From Photo by] J. M. BARRIE. *[Hollyer.*

James Matthew Barrie, born at Kirriemuir, May 9th, 1860. Boyhood spent in Kirriemuir and at Dumfries, where his brother was Inspector of Schools. Educated at Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University (M.A., 1882). Accepted position as leader-writer on *Nottingham Journal*, February, 1883. Subsequently described some of his Nottingham experiences in "When a Man's Single." Often wrote as much as four columns a day, political leaders and miscellaneous articles signed "Hippomenes" and "A Modern Peripatetic." In 1884 began to contribute short articles to London papers, the first published appearing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "An Auld Licht Community," published in *St. James's Gazette*, November 17th, 1884. Moved to London early in 1885, and contributed regularly to the *St. James's Gazette* and other papers, notably Mr. Greenwood's *Anti-Jacobin* and the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. Contributed first article, signed "Gavin Ogilvy," on the Rev. Dr. Whyte for the *British Weekly*, July 1st, 1887. Published "Better Dead," 1887; "Auld Licht Idylls," "An Edinburgh Eleven," "When a Man's Single," 1888; "A Window in Thrums," 1889; "My Lady Nicotine," 1890; "The Little Minister," 1891; "Sentimental Tommy," "Margaret Ogilvy," 1896; "Tommy and Grizel," 1900. Is LL.D. of St. Andrews University.

eternal—and apparently infernal—feminine, even though the end be the pitiful hanging of poor Tommy Sandys and "Served him right!"

Besides, I have faith in a fourth Barrie—Mr. Barrie's own Barrie—in whose hands the other three, even the third, so bent on "seeing life," are but puppets, in his shrewd "faur North" common sense, and in that emphatically saving sense of humour which takes the form of reticence. I believe that if he has gone beyond his depth in entering into competition with the author of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel"—for that is the meaning of "Tommy and Grizel"—he will beat a wise retreat, and say nothing about it. For considerable as many of Mr. Barrie's achievements are, the most considerable of all is his success in concealing himself from critical dissection, without even an American globe-trotter resenting the fact. Mr. Noble Simms might be willing to write an article on his mother's coffin, but even if he did ascertain that Mr. Barrie occasionally took sausages to breakfast, and was guilty of the appalling crime of not taking golf—especially the art of putting—with sufficient seriousness, he would not "make copy" out of his knowledge. Than this there could not in these days be a greater mark of that respect which borders on love. But it would be an impertinence to refer to this reticence if it were merely a feature in Mr. Barrie's character. It is, however, the keynote to his work, and the secret of his triumph. Without it he might still have been the Scottish Dickens—on the comic, Pickwickian, and fat boy side, at all events—but he could never have been the Scottish Richardson. Had he been endowed with the eruptiveness of John Wilson, he might have "roared" over "The Courting of T'Nowhead's Bell" or "A Home for Geniuses" before setting the London clubs in a roar, and the public production would have been none the worse for the private rehearsal. But if he had not been a silent, self-contained, and therefore close observer of all that he saw in his childhood and boyhood, he would not have been able, when his career of literary activity began, to secure for his characters the distinction of immortality. Nor would his readers have been able to say as truly of the heart of Hendry McQuhumpha or of Margaret Ogilvie, "That heart is Scotland," as Pamela was able to say of the "credulous, fluttering, throbbing mischief" of an organ, obedience to whose impulses brought her misery and social promotion, "All the time that heart was Pamela." Yet this reticence, or what theatrical critics used to style "reserve force," which is the keynote of Mr. Barrie's work, if not of his career, and enables him to represent humour as a worthy companion and even helpmeet to high seriousness, is evidently quite compatible with a very genuine regard for the very opposite both in life and in literature.

From Photo by] MR. J. M. BARRIE'S BIRTHPLACE, KIRRIEMUIR. *[Valentine.*

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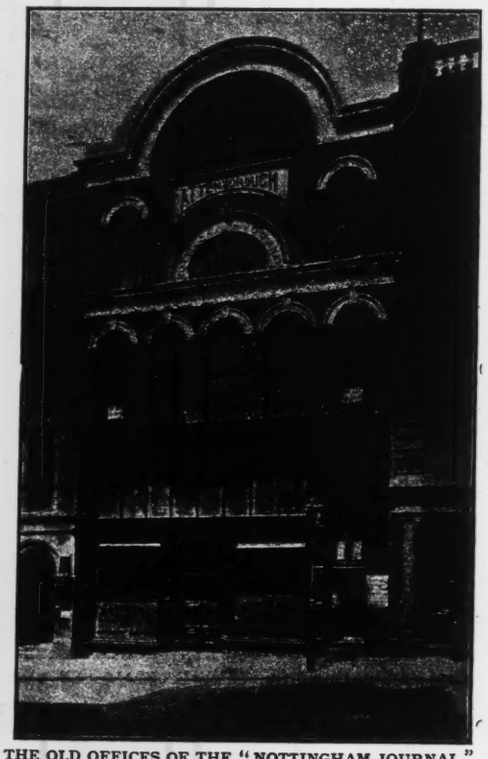
The effusive, the egotistic, the theatrical, the sentimental—whatever savours of Rousseauism, though hardly perhaps of Byronism—have always had a fascination for him. Of all his contemporaries he loved Stevenson most. Stevenson is his "king"; Stevenson alone has tempted him to make a speech in public, even with his hands in his pockets. And yet his love of Stevenson is the love of Jonathan for David, of John for Peter. For with the possible exception of Mr. Hardy, Mr. Barrie is the most impersonal—or rather third-personal—of present-day artists in fiction; in "Margaret Ogilvie" alone does the fourth and "essential" Barrie appear for a moment before the curtain, and only then at the supreme command of maternal love. Stevenson, on the other hand, was saved by his courage, by his passion for *camaraderie*, by his Goethean capacity for extracting pure pleasure from the achievement of another, by that half unconscious, wholly artistic conscience-worship which never allowed him to write mere pot-boilers, from being Scott's "wretch concentred all in self." As

From Photo by] A GENERAL VIEW OF KIRRIEMUIR FROM THE CEMETERY. *[Valentine and Sons, Dundee.*

"Thrums is the name I give here to the handful of houses jumbled together in a cup, which is the town nearest the schoolhouse. Until twenty years ago its every other room, earthen-floored and showing the rafters overhead, had a handloom, and hundreds of weavers lived and died Thoreaus 'ben the hoose' without knowing it. In those days the cup overflowed and left several houses on the top of the hill, where their cold skeletons still stand."
—*Auld Licht Idylls.*

things are, he was the most Byronic of all the late-Victorian sons of letters; his life was one long autobiography, perhaps because it was one long illness. So in his stories Mr. Barrie shows a strange and increasing love for men and women who find their delight, and even their mission—such as that is—in making (and reciting) not history, but autobiography. One of the best characters in "Tommy and Grizel" is "the colossal Pym"; he will take his place in the press gallery of fiction—rather a sorry lot when all is said—beside Thackeray's Archer and Shandon, Dickens's Pott and Slurk, and Mr. Meredith's Timothy Turbot. But the true charm of the "colossal Pym" is his colossal egotism. And Thomas Sandys himself (one thinks of him with difficulty as "Tommie") would not command our interest, and would not have commanded the services of Mr. Barrie as portraitist, had he not been the opposite of what is best and most characteristic in Thrums. We are all crowding too near the portrait of Sandys at the present moment to judge it fairly; and to me in the present connection he is notable simply as marking a stage in the evolution of Mr. Barrie. I see in him a great deal of Kingsley's luckless and detestable Elsley Vavasour, not a little of Mr. Meredith's Sir Willoughby Patterne and Richard Feverel, even—and as a matter of course—a suggestion of Richardson's Sir Charles Grandison. ("He called me *his* Emily," sighs Sir Charles's ward, "but all the world is his Emily, I think." And except in one chapter where remorse changes and almost revolutionises Sandys, is not all the world of womankind "his Emily"?) But I see in Sandys above all things an intensely self-conscious creature of impulse and vanity, a degraded and corrupted Stevenson, a man who might have been the Pilgrim of Love, but was only capable of being the Tramp of Sentimentality, and died miserably that Tramp's death.



THE OLD OFFICES OF THE "NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL," Where Mr. Barrie worked from 1883-1884.
From Photo by Gibson, Nottingham.
Reproduced from the *Temple Magazine* by kind permission of F. A. Atkins, Esq.

Cautious predictions are best in days when even the most popular problem plays have their 330 nights and cease to be. It would be useless to attempt to forecast Mr. Barrie's future. More than most he can keep the secret of his ambition, of his "message," of whatever may inspire his *magnum opus*, to himself. It is safe to say, however, that under ordinary circumstances—"if he's spared," as would be said by the people of Thrums always reverently uncovered before the mystery of destiny—the next decade will be the most important in Mr. Barrie's literary development, and may be the most fruitful. It ought to decide his future as a British novelist and dramatist. At present it may be rash even to hint what position he will ultimately be assigned in the literary prize list; and notwithstanding the success of "Walker, London" and "The Little Minister," we have no means of judging whether the stage is to Mr. Barrie a serious business or but a profitable diversion. But "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizel" must be taken apart from as well as along with "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums," "When a Man's Single" and "The Little Minister." Mr. Barrie still stands by Thrums; Grizel, in spite of the "painted lady," is as distinctly Thrumsish as Jess or Leeby or Nannie Webster—Nannie of the story rather than of the play. But apparently Thrums is to be now the

Torres Vedras from which he is to sally forth at intervals to complete his conquest of the Peninsula of human tragedy and happiness. As things are, I am inclined to give him the third place among living British novelists. He does not possess—at least, he has not disclosed—the Shakespearian variety of Mr. Meredith which almost atones for lack of Shakespearian simplicity. Nor has he such a conception as has Mr. Hardy of the Euripidean tragedy of human life. But then he is incomparably droller than either; he has more drollery than any novelist since Dickens; and the power of forcing you to laugh unexpectedly is the privilege of genius. Mr. Barrie's drolleries are of that supreme kind, too, that when you have been caught by one and lifted off your feet, you are surprised you had not thought of it yourself. Take for example, "The Auld Licht minister was but a pocket edition of a man, who grew two inches after he was called; but he was so full of the cure of souls, that he usually scudded to it with his coat tails quarrelling behind him," or "Peter was an every-day man at ordinary times and was even said, when his wife, who had been long ill, died, to have clapped his hands and exclaimed, 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' adding only as an afterthought, 'The Lord's will be done!'" The "ideas" in both of these sentences are of the kind which an ordinary level-headed novelist, having a fair acquaintance with Scottish life, could—in the photographic sense—have "developed." But he would have taken paragraphs, if not chapters, to the "development." Mr. Barrie does his work in a sentence, which has at least the appearance of spontaneity, of animal spirits kept well under control. As a consequence the reading of none of his books—although, by the way, there are pages in "Tommy and Grizel" which I have been compelled to skip—leads to what that occasionally very wise critic Ouida terms "the long and grave fatigue, the disgust which follows the painful and capricious artifices of style." Mr. Barrie is incapable of the smartnesses—and something more—which come easy to some of his contemporaries, such as John Oliver Hobbes, Miss Cholmondeley, and Miss Fowler. He could not, like John Oliver Hobbes, for example, sum up Flaubert by saying he "has the morals of a sick devil and the philosophy of a retired dancing master." Indeed, if Mr. Meredith is right, and Congreve be the supreme standard of wit and comedy, there is a height of edification through entertainment to which Mr. Barrie has not attained and to which he never can attain. It is possible, too, that ten years hence, with their record of achievement or of failure, or of both, the third place among British novelists will have to be given not to Mr. Barrie, but to John Oliver Hobbes or to Mrs. Humphry Ward—the Mrs. Ward, I mean, who in the first Part of "Robert Elsmere" reached the level of George Eliot. "The main question as to a novel," says Sydney Smith, whose short views are as long as those of average readers of circulating-library literature, "is, did it amuse? Were you surprised at dinner coming so soon? Did you mistake eleven for ten, and twelve for eleven? Were you too late to dress, and did you sit up beyond the usual hour? If a novel produces these effects, it is good; if it does not, story, language, love, scandal itself cannot save it. It is only meant to please, and it must do that, or it does nothing." Mr. Barrie does a great deal more than amuse us; if he had only been a *restaurateur*—in the sense applied by Scott to Carlyle—he would not have occupied the place that he now holds in the hearts as well as the heads of his countrymen. But of all living British writers of fiction he is the most amusing; and the amusement he provides being based on drollery, and having in it absolutely no alloy of vulgarity, exercises the brain without exhausting it, and makes no demand whatever upon self-respect.

"GAVIN OGILVY."

From a drawing by Maurice Griffenhagen, sketched at the time when Mr. Barrie was contributing to the *British Weekly* under the pseudonym of Gavin Ogilvy.

What will be Mr. Barrie's place among the classics of Scottish fiction? That he will have a place is beyond doubt. To my thinking, "A Window in Thrums" is more assured of immortality than Stevenson's "Weir of Hermis-

ton," or Mrs. Oliphant's "Kirsteen," or Black's "Daughter of Heth"; nay, it is as assured of immortality as Scott's "Antiquary" or Galt's "Entail." For it is a chapter in the history of Scotland; in some two hundred pages it gives an absolutely faithful representation of "Secederism," in the Carlylean sense of religious earnestness, bursting the bonds of denominationalism, transcending poverty, contemplating the last struggle with the Last Enemy in the spirit of Seneca, "Death belongs to the class of things which indeed are not an evil, but still have the appearance of being an evil." Thrums is but a "handful of houses jumbled in a cup," but it is also a community composed of men, for each of whom, in virtue of his Auld Licht Kirk, "the vague shoreless universe has become a firm city and dwelling which he knows." And Mr. Barrie has accomplished his task, both as the historian and the photographer of Thrums, in the right spirit and with a due appreciation of moral perspective. Some other artists of the so-called "Kail-yard" school—Ian Maclaren particularly—have a more intimate knowledge of the lights and shades, the humour and the pathos, of Scottish "Kirkiness." Mrs. Oliphant, too—the "Chronicles of Carlingford" are sufficient to prove that—could have produced a story of Scottish religious life which would have had the finality of "Middlemarch," had she taken the necessary time and, like Mr. Barrie, acquired the journalist's art of discovering salient points, if not of separating the eternal from the evanescent. But Mr. Barrie, in virtue of his instinct for drollery, has brought to his task of reproducing Thrums the necessary sense of detachment. His "Secederism," like the Solemn League and Covenant itself, "now brings a smile, now brings a tear." But the smile is never what hurried evening-journalists call "cynical." You laugh at Gavin Dishart getting a call because of his capacity for banging the pulpit-Bible, but you have a high respect both for him and for the men who gave him a call—and that, too, although you may think Auld Lichtism to have been a "martyrdom by mistake." In virtue of what he has already done as a Scottish realist—and altogether apart from what he may do or fail in doing—I should be inclined to bracket Mr. Barrie with Galt (Galt at his best, as in "The Entail," is the Scottish Balzac), as second to Scott among Scottish novelists, Stevenson being fourth and Mrs. Oliphant fifth.

But it is almost impossible—at least for a Scotsman—to dissociate gratitude to Mr. Barrie from criticism. I have said that he is the Scottish Richardson. And yet he has not, as Scott said of the original Richardson, "surveyed every bay and creek of the human heart." On the contrary, there seems no staying power, literal or literary, in his pretty girls, his Mary Abingers and the like. They are good enough for "Walker, London," for living in dolls' houses and houseboats; but they appear unequal to a moral crisis, or even to facing the *res angusta domi*. Mr. Barrie is our Scottish Richardson, our supreme sentimentalist, in virtue of his unrivalled success in reproducing the emphatically national intensity of family love. He attains his perfection, some say in "Margaret Ogilvy." It may be so, but I have my doubts. I think of Noble Simms; I think of Arnold's "intolerable pathos." But I return—as I return again and again to the post-office scene and the vanquishing of Dousterswivel by Edie Ochiltree in "The Antiquary"—to the story of a glove, to Jess's diphtheritic throat, to the tragedy of the son from London. Not only Scotland but this generation ought to be grateful to Mr. Barrie for having set forth in all their dignity, and without approach to "snivel and drivel," the divinity and discipline of maternal love. And I am confident that he will be well advised by his friends or his better genius if in another story—let it be his next!—he reproduces once more this divinity and discipline in Grizel happily married, and thinking of Thomas Sandys only as Adam Bede, married to Dinah Morris, thought of Hetty Sorrel.

TOMMY AND GRIZEL.*

By A. E. W. Mason.

"I AM a man of sentiment only," said Tommy, and there is nothing in the world, we know, so noble as a man of sentiment. On the other hand, he is apt to give his friends grounds for much uneasiness, and in that aptitude Tommy does not fall short of the man of sentiment in the comedy. It is not to be thought, however, that any fuller comparison can fitly be drawn between Tommy and Joseph Surface. Joseph is merely the coiner and utterer of sentiments with a view to material benefits; when he postures, he does so deliberately for the purposes of gain; he is a plotter, an intentional hypocrite, with a character as black as his invariable clothes. Tommy, however, is, as he confesses, a man of sentiment "only." He would be different if he could, but the creations of his fancy are the real things to him. They are so real that, let but a chance sentence set his imagination at work, and at once he will allot to his best friend a horrible accident and a wooden leg, and in order to heighten the artistic effect, make that friend's wife, herself a friend and an old playmate, elope with a soldier. There was no unfriendliness in the invention of that story—Tommy, whatever his faults, was gentle and staunch to his friends—he even wept over it, so pitiful and sad was it, but he was a boy at play, and could never grow up.

One may take another instance. Tommy saved a boy's life at the risk of his own by plunging into a whirlpool, and made a secret of his bravery. The boy's grandmother, "a brittle old lady, who creaked as she walked and cracked like a whin-pod in the heat," discovers the preserver, and having tramped the country round for ten miles to get the finest hen for a reward, brings it to Tommy at a moment when he is being entertained at a tea-party. The old lady falls on her knees before Tommy, kisses his hand, and pours out her thanks. What was Tommy doing the while? He was excitedly planning the old lady's future. Here are his thoughts:

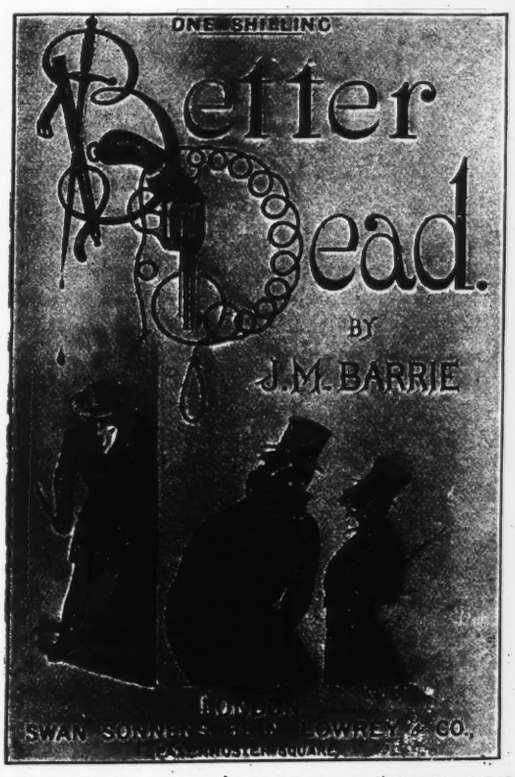
"He was a poor man, but she was to be brought by him into Thrums, to a little cottage overgrown with roses. No more hard work for those dear old hands. She could sell

* "Tommy and Grizel." By J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Cassell.)

scones, perhaps. She should have a cow. He would send the boy to college and make a minister of him; she should yet hear her grandson preach in the church to which as a boy——"

Tommy, you see, was himself a boy. He was always more Captain Stroke of the Jacobites' lair than T. Sandys, Esq., the celebrated author. He could "feel aglow with the passion he had inspired," but there was his limit. He played so many parts, he was so many characters, that he had not a character of his own. Tommy was summarized a good many centuries ago in Plato's Republic. It will be remembered what sort of answer Plato gave to the question as to the position to be allotted to the artist in his perfect State. When the artist was seen coming, the chief men were to put on their best clothes and go out to meet him. They were to receive him with music and all imaginable honours. They were to crown him with flowers, and tell him what an entirely delightful person he was. And then they were to conduct him through the town to the further gate, and mention that there was another city a few miles down the road where he would be very comfortable. And why? Because he played too many parts; he was not a good citizen.

Mr. Barrie's book might almost be a commentary on that



THE COVER OF MR. BARRIE'S FIRST BOOK, "BETTER DEAD."

Reproduced by the courtesy of F. A. Atkins, Esq.

"And yet I have a sentimental interest in 'Better Dead,' for it was my first—published when I had small hope of getting any one to accept the Scotch—and there was a week when I loved to carry it in my pocket, and did not think it dead weight. Once I almost saw it find a purchaser. She was a pretty girl, and it lay on a bookstall, and she read some pages and smiled, and then retired, and came back and began another chapter. Several times she did this, and I stood in the background trembling with hope and fear. At last she went away without the book, but I am still of opinion that, had it been just a little bit better, she would have bought it."

(From the Introduction to the Collected Edition of the Novels, Tales, and Sketches of J. M. Barrie. London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

passage in the Republic. Tommy was not a good citizen, and the tragedy of the story lies in the facts that he knew it, that he struggled to become one, and that he failed. The pathos of the story lies in the fact that he was not the most

MARGARET OGILVY.

(Mr. J. M. Barrie's Mother.)

"She is up now and dressed in her thick maroon wrapper; over her shoulders (lest she should stray despite our watchfulness) is a shawl, not placed there by her own hands, and on her head a delicious mutch."

"Margaret Ogilvy," by her son, J. M. Barrie.

hurt by the failure, but that a woman was. Tommy could always go back and play until in playing he met his death. Grizel could not play; she wanted to admire Tommy, but she couldn't; on the other hand, she could love.

And if you wish to know what love meant to her, you must read that delicate idyll, "By Prosen Water." You must learn how he hurt her, and how, in spite of her hurt, "shamed as a dog stealing back after it had been whipped," she returned to him, and how Tommy set himself gallantly to work to give her back her pride and self-respect. You must read how she received her first love-letter, and of her terrible journey into Switzerland. It would be easy to expend superlatives upon Mr. Barrie's delineation of Grizel. She is drawn with all his insight, all his tenderness. He suggests rather than describes her in a passage of great beauty:

"At the time of the doctor's death she was nineteen, tall and graceful and very dark and pale. When the winds of the day flushed her cheek she was beautiful, but it was a beauty that hid the mystery of her face; the sun made her merry, but she looked more noble when it had set; then her pallor shone with a soft radiant light, as though the mystery and sadness and serenity of the moon were in it. The full beauty of Grizel came out at night only, like the stars.

"I had made up my mind that when the time came to describe Grizel's mere outward appearance I should refuse her that word beautiful because of her tilted nose. But now that the time has come I wonder at myself. . . . Her eyes at least were beautiful, they were unusually far apart, and let you look straight into them and never quivered, they were such clear gray searching eyes, they seemed always to be searching for the truth." Grizel was the daughter of the Painted Lady, and it was the memory of the time when

she was a little hunted child, with a great desire to grow up good, and a great fear that she had that in her blood which would prevent her, which made her first care for Tommy. Tommy had been kind to her in those days. Moreover, though she saw through the most of him, what she saw most clearly was that she was the best woman to help him. "She could not help liking to be a mother to men, she wanted them to be the most noble characters, but completely dependent on her." As far as Tommy was concerned, she would have silently stood aside but for that episode of the glove. The episode is typical of their relations one to the other. It was her glove; Tommy had carried it about with him wrapped up in silk paper; when he plunged into the pool at the risk of his life, he had said to Corp, his companion, "Give her that and tell her it never left my heart." He tries to hinder her from afterwards discovering the glove, lest she should be hurt by the thought that she had caused him pain — all this she knows, and she holds the glove, proof positive to her of Tommy's love. What she did not know was how Tommy came to carry about that glove. It was after she had grieved him so much by telling him frankly she could not admire him that he found it and put it into his pocket.

A WINDOW IN THRUMS.

From Photo by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

"From the attic I could see nearly all Thrums."—*A Window in Thrums.*

"There it lay unknown to her. He knew that he must not even ask them to bury it with him in his grave. This was a little thing to ask, but too much for him. He saw his effects being examined after all that was mortal of T. Sandys had been consigned to earth, and this pathetic little glove coming to light. Ah, then, then Grizel would know! By the way, what would she have known? I am sure I cannot tell you. Nor could Tommy, forced to face the question in this vulgar way, have told you; yet, whatever it was, it gave him some moist moments."

But Tommy is not all a sham, and he sets himself resolutely to conquering his sentiment. He believes himself to have conquered, and then one tragic moment reveals him unmistakably to Grizel and to himself. A remarkable book as "Tommy and Grizel" is from beginning to end, the chapter in which Tommy's sister Elspeth accepts David Gemmell's hand, leaving Tommy free to marry, is perhaps the most remarkable part of it. There is a moment of sheer tragedy which comes upon the reader unexpectedly, and yet comes, as one sees, in the quite natural sequence. For the novel, it should be said, is not a mere analysis, however searching and true, of certain characters. It is far more than that, for it is also the story which results from the clash of these characters. Tommy and Grizel are by nature antagonistic. Grizel can love with every pulse of blood in her veins, but she cannot be the child at play. Tommy must play, and would love if he could. The woman is not faultless, she can sink below the level of faultless self-respect, she can also be too masterful for her knowledge, she is human. Nor, on the other hand, is Tommy all faults. Mr. Barrie, who writes with the good humour of a man looking broadly upon life, would have us pity him. He has enough manliness to make a full-grown man, were it not overbalanced by his sentiment. His first feeling when he sees Grizel grown into a woman, is "an unselfish delight in her for her own sake." When he views in her face the love which he has awakened, the artist in him is entranced as if he had written an immortal page, but the man is appalled. He could draw back at that moment, but only at her expense, and so he does not. One could quote many instances of a like kind and others—such as his patient tending of Grizel during the eighteen months when her mind was clouded—where the manliness and the sentiment are cunningly combined into one motive.

But the book must be read, for it is one in which the characters create the story and are themselves only fully revealed by its development. And it will be read. It has all the idyllic qualities of Mr. Barrie's former work, his humour is as fresh as when he first took the town, his style

as limpid. But in "Tommy and Grizel" there is more. You will find in the novel the tragic irony of the ancient poets, and you will find it unaccompanied with any bitterness. There is not merely humanity and delicacy in the portraiture of the individuals, but their fortunes are treated with that breadth of view which, as far as one can judge, is a necessary quality of the enduring book.

It remains to be said that those who followed Tommy's boyhood will renew their acquaintanceship with his playmates. Corp has become a railway porter, and Gavinia is his wife, but prosperity has not spoiled them. You will see again the pathetic figure of Aaron Latta crouching alone over his fire, and witness another encounter between Mr. Cathro and Tommie. And when the book is at last laid down, you will have to add another to your familiar friends in Thrums. For Grizel of the crooked smile lived there. As for Tommy, you may in the end be in doubt as to whether you will class yourself as a Tommy or a Tummy. But the application of that remark you must the book to understand.

ARCHBISHOP ALEXANDER.

By the Bishop of Derry.

HIS Grace the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, "and hereinafter called 'the Primate'" (as Acts of Parliament are wont to have it), has just published the first volume of his collected works. Upon this occasion I am asked to write something for The Bookman about my honoured Father and Chief. But at the outset of such a perilous enterprise, I renounce and abjure utterly the notion of sitting down in the cushionless chair of a critic, to anatomize what is to me so venerable and beautiful a figure. I offer an honest "appreciation," but it is very far from professing to be a judicial summing-up. Even if such a thing were otherwise becoming for me to attempt, I know the Primate too well to know him in this bloodless fashion, for which I refer the seeker to some less fortunate person, who has never seen a certain quick twinkle in his eye, nor heard the pathos of certain tones in his resonant voice. The rest of us are permanently disqualified.

And yet, to say this is to contribute something which a wise critic will know how to use. There are persons whose best friend could review them, if he chose, quite as dispassionately as anyone else. Archbishop Whately was such a man: his intellect and his feelings were kept asunder as butter is kept away from cheese; he would have thought his logic tainted—or shall we say "corked"?—if his emotions got at it.

Such also was my brilliant friend Bishop Reichel, much of whose splendid intellectual power was exerted in libelling himself by the strongest innuendo that he had no heart at all. In reality it was so large that he was afraid of it, and like St. Paul with his body, he blackened its eyes and enslaved it. But even those whom he honoured by admitting them behind the curtain (some, like myself, much his juniors) had no trouble whatever in separating his heart from his intellectual powers. For he had done the work long ago, and for that matter he never allowed his kindly feeling to prevent his intellect from scalping yours, if you gave him a chance.

But the eminent person of whom I now remember that I ought to be writing could not behave thus if he would. Orator and author, all he has written and all his speeches are steeped and suffused in feeling, which is an essential part of himself. If it ever happened to him to administer an intellectual horsewhipping, he would certainly not expect the patient promptly to shake hands with him, ready to shake hands though he, for his own part, would assuredly be. But I have heard a victim of the other distinguished man express much surprise at having been approached, ten minutes afterwards, "as if nothing had happened." Nothing had happened, in the sphere to which the friendliest greetings of his castigator belonged.

And now see how this difference affected their intellectual product. I remember once discussing, with that fine scholar who is no more, the disputed passage at the end of St. Mark's Gospel. And he laid great stress (not too great, I think) upon the fact that there *must* always have been something more after the twelfth verse. Ἐφοβοῦντο γάρ was an inconceivable termination—"only fancy a gospel ending with such a word as γάρ." It was upon quite a different objection that the Primate laid stress, in his *Characteristics of the Gospels*, when he wrote, "This great gospel never closed with the words 'they were afraid.'" And this difference is so ingrained in the two methods, that no one who knew them at all could possibly attribute the saying of either to the other.

But which method is best for the discovery of truth? It is doubtless a question of degree. You may drown reason in sentiment, and believe or deny as you are attracted or repelled (and then you will probably go over to Rome), but on the other hand you draw the curtain down over one window of the soul if you exclude feeling from your inquiries, and only admit it when your mind is made up. When St. Paul said, "Doth not nature itself teach you?" what he meant was to appeal to methods of judgment which lie deeper than logic reaches. It is not upon this side that the Primate would be in danger, and I am far from hinting that he goes too far upon the other; for he has a shrewd and careful judgment.

With quick sympathies, naturally go keen sensibilities, a love of splendour in nature, and a gift of reproducing it in style. As there is no more desirable gift, so there are few more dangerous, but when it is chastened by wide reading and a cultivated taste, its pervading influence enriches everything, and gives such affluence of style as men recognise when they call our Primate the Poet-preacher. An ex-editor of the *Dublin University Magazine* used to be fond of telling of his first contributions to that brilliant monthly—now, alas, extinct—and of his own vigilance lest their radiant hues should make the rest of his flowerbeds colourless.

Now a little luxuriance of ornament is as good a sign in a young writer as the curvetting of a horse as he starts upon his journey—but I have often wished to know what treasures that unsympathetic editor may have thrown away. At all

events, the style we know has a soft glory as of moonlight all over it, rather than a blaze. You may call it too splendid if you like; I have always understood that the deal board thinks mahogany ostentatious. But it is not paint; it is in the grain.

LIZZIE HARRISON.
By William Hole, R.S.A.

"Perhaps the postmistress was belied; but if she did not 'steam' the letters and confide their titbits to favoured friends of her own sex, it is difficult to see how all the gossip got out."
—*Auld Licht Idylls.*

A third quality has been mentioned in a parenthesis already. It is, wide reading from a literary as well as a professional point of view. Try the Primate from what side you will, he is ready for you. He was a busy parish clergyman before he became a bishop; but I remember Archbishop Trench, an excellent judge, declaring that he had never known a busy man who had made as good a use of his time. There is a kind of learning which cannot be had except by spending one's whole life in a library; and none but a fool would depreciate it. But it is not the only kind; and it is capable of being as rude and prejudiced for want of familiarity with affairs as some men of affairs are for want of familiarity with books. At all events, the spoken and written style with which we are now concerned is accomplished and enriched by intimate acquaintance with the best thought of many ages; and you cannot read a note written on one page without discerning—when you have at last deciphered it—the turn, the flavour, the unspeakable something which belongs only to a man of letters.

Looking back over a life no longer short, I can remember no time when Dr. Alexander was not in the first rank of Irishmen, an orator and a writer. As a preacher and speaker, when I began to observe such things, he divided the honours with Magee. Or rather, each had honours of his own; for Magee stood apart, incomparable, because the difference between him and other speakers was not of degree but of kind, and you do not weigh against each other a good wife and a good dinner. Magee was volcanic; when he opened his mouth there issued from that crater pure thought, thought as solid as rock, but the rock was molten in the central fires of his passion; and if your convictions were opposed to him they snapped and fell in like the pines in a lava stream on Vesuvius. Perhaps the more sensitive nature of the Primate could not have endured such fires. It is not really a paradox to say that he has too much emotion for such passion. And even against abstract error he would have instinctively ~~have~~ toned down some of that withering and corrosive sarcasm. Instead of sarcasm he has irony.

The characteristic of his speaking is charm. Beware of ascribing too much of the effect to his splendid tenor voice; observe that every sentence is pure literature, allusive, ornate, finished. Now Magee was about as ornate as a boxer stripped and facing his man; and many of his sentences could easily have been improved as literature, not having been constructed as such. It is characteristic that the only snare which entangled him as a speaker was a paradox; and also that in the Primate's utterances paradox is replaced by epigram. The one was at his best when preaching upon the evidences, and the other for some gracious society. The weakest thing in Magee's immense strength was that you were tempted to wonder how fine a

MR. DISHART.
By William Hole, R.S.A.

"Mr. Dishart in the pulpit was the reward of his upbringing. At ten he had entered the university. Before he was in his teens he was practising the art of gesticulation in his father's gallery pew. From distant congregations people came to marvel at him. He was never more than comparatively young. So long as the pulpit trappings of the kirk at Thrums lasted he could be seen, once he was fairly under weigh with his sermon, but dimly in a cloud of dust."
—*Auld Licht Idylls.*

case he could have made for the other side, but who ever thought of the Primate so? There is no more to say; it is power versus charm; Demosthenes versus Cicero; thunder and lightning versus a calm and silvery evening, Armstrong guns against a chanted incantation.

Passing to his books, how inevitable it was that such an intellect should have been attracted in the Old Testament to the Psalms and in the New Testament to St. John. His commentaries are learned and up to date; what is much more important to their literary rank, they have fine sympathy and insight. But, alas, no commentary will live; the new commentator climbs upon the shoulders of the old and sees further. It is by his poetry that his name will live.

'Twas but one step for those victorious feet
From their day's walk unto the golden street;
And they who watched that walk, so bright and brief,
Have marked this marble with their hope and grief.

Could anything be more exquisite? It is slightly longer than Ben Jonson's; and brevity is a charm in such compositions; but how much more vivid is the portrait which it draws. The subject of one was Pembroke's mother; the other lived and died with Christ, amongst and for the poor. I must not quote that other, longer but as perfect, which commemorates the noble Agnes Jones; but this I will confidently say, that no other living man could equal them, and that they are enough to preserve their author's name in

From Photo by] THE AULD LICHT KIRK, KIRRIEMUIR. *[Valentine and Sons, Dundee.*

"The church stands round the corner from the square, with only a large door to distinguish it from the other buildings in the short street." —*Auld Licht Idylls.*

What then has he done? Using the privilege of an Irishman to answer one question by another, I ask: What are the great epitaphs which the world never can forget?

First of all, Plato's two supreme lines, supremely rendered by Shelley, "Thou wert the morning star among the living." With them, and not far behind, is Ben Jonson's "Underneath this marble hearse." And it is not at all foolhardy to remind the reader of these before quoting the Primate's epitaph upon a curate who contracted fever in his parish:—

Down through our crowded lanes, and closer air,
O friend, how beautiful thy footsteps were;
When through the fever's fire at last they trod,*
A form was with thee like the Son of God.

* In the new volume, the third line is printed,
"When through the fever's waves of fire they trod."
But surely the reference is to the fiery furnace, not to a sea? I venture to agree with those friends who regret the change; and I also sigh for the disappearance of too much of St. Augustine's Holiday.

literature, longer than the marble in Derry Cathedral or in Fahan graveyard will endure.

I am not the reviewer of this volume, or I should have much to say about the qualities revealed in the "Installation Ode," the "Minor Latin Poet and Virgil," "Semadar," and especially in that fine passage from St. Augustine's Holiday, "A Nameless Penitent"—still finer once in the connection which has been sacrificed. Something also might be said about those joint translations which remind us of the Author of the Burial of Moses—the collaboration of poet with poet, in art as in life. But I must content myself with asserting that in all there is the culture, the richness, the feeling on which I have laid stress, and combined with these that which no chemistry of the critic has ever extracted or infused, the genuine poetic something, by which poems live. And that it has come into the writings from the man.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

There have been several changes in North and East Lancashire journalistic circles lately. At the *Preston Herald* office Mr. Smith has left to take up a position on a newly-established journal near Manchester, Mr. Penrose has joined the staff of the *Westmoreland Gazette*, and Mr. J. Hughes has also severed his connection with the paper.

Mr. Sam Bayley, who has been on the staff of the *Chorley Standard* for over thirty years, has just severed his connection with that journal. There has been a change at the Burnley office of the *Lancashire Daily Post*, where Mr. F. Horne (Preston) succeeds Mr. Jones, who has gone to London.

Mr. George Toulmin, J.P., one of the proprietors of the *Lancashire Daily Post*, who contested Bury in the Liberal interest, is a member of the North and East Lancashire District of the Institute of Journalists.

Mr. A. J. Lloyd, who was for several years chief of the reporting staff of the *Somerset County Express* at Taunton, has accepted a position on the *Nottingham Daily Guardian*.

Mr. A. T. Yeo, who was formerly on the reporting staff of the *Somerset County Gazette* at Taunton, and since then has occupied positions at Evesham and Leicester, has become chief reporter of the *Tiverton Gazette*.

The career of the *Cambridge Gazette*, evening and weekly, was brought to a close on October 6th, after an existence of just under two years. It made its first appearance on October 13th, 1898. On the 13th three members of the staff, Messrs. J. Ross, sub-editor, E. A. Snewin and Passingham, reporters, were entertained at a Press social, and during the evening were the recipients of gifts from their colleagues in Cambridge. Mr. J. Smart, the late editor, has accepted an appointment in Manchester.

Mr. George E. Leach is leaving the *Bradford Observer*, after two years' service, for the London staff of the *Manchester Guardian*. While in Bradford Mr. Leach has been an active hon. sec. of the Bradford sub-district of the Institute of Journalists.

The Liverpool branch of the Retail Newsagents and Booksellers' Association recently made a representation to the Watch Committee of the Liverpool City Council, with a view to obtaining some restriction of the now extensive newspaper and periodical selling from stalls in the streets of the city. The Head Constable investigated the case, and reported that the public found the stalls a convenience, and that the police had no complaints to make against them, and that therefore no action had been taken. The Council have approved of the Head Constable's report.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Council of the Institute of Journalists, it was decided to open a fund to be called "The Institute of Journalists' Hall and Offices Fund," and to start it, £500 was transferred from the accumulated capital of the Institute. The fund is open to the receipt of donations by members of the Institute, and a sub-committee has been appointed to further consider details. The question of the provision of a hall and better office accommodation for the central office of the Institute has been under consideration for some time past.

Mr. Ernest Brindle, of Bourton-on the-Water, near Cheltenham, a member of the reporting staff of the *Bradford Observer* at Bradford, has accepted an appointment on the *North China Daily News* at Shanghai. Mr. Brindle was formerly engaged at Accrington and Stafford. He will sail during December.

Mr. E. R. Gurney, of the *Scarborough Evening Post*, has left for Bradford.

The founder of the *East Cornwall Times*, Mr. Wm. Philp, died recently at the age of 93.

The sudden death has occurred of Alderman Wm. Hall, who founded the *Newbury Express and Reading Standard*.

Mr. James Steel, one of the proprietors of the *Carlisle Journal*, has died suddenly.

Mr. T. G. Shearman, for many years correspondent of the *Times* in America, is dead.

Mr. Muir, sub-editor of the *Lincolnshire Echo*, has removed to Leeds to take up a position on the staff of the *Leeds Mercury*.

Last month, in the Board Room of the Central News, a fifty-guinea watch and chain, with a suitable inscription, was presented by the indoor staff of the Central News to their Managing-Editor, Mr. John Moore, who is also the Chairman of this well-known News Agency.

In making the presentation, Mr. John Lanyon, the Secretary of the Central News, said :—

"We are presenting to you, Mr. Moore, this token of our appreciation, because—we *do* appreciate you, and because we thought the time had arrived when that appreciation should be shown in something more tangible than mere words. Though, for that matter, I think we may take it on ourselves to say that we are always showing our appreciation of you, our Chief, in something more tangible than mere words; and that is, in the whole-hearted way in which we follow your lead. We should not be worthy of you if we did not do this; for, like that of 'Bobs,' your policy, expressed or implied, has never been 'Boys, go and do so and so,' but 'Boys, come and let *us* do it!'

"I have watched your career from almost the first day of your joining the Central News, now more than twenty-seven years ago. You were not, like some men, pitchforked into a position. You had your own way to make, and you had no special friends at court. You made your own way, and you made it honourably. In its successive steps you quietly took on the duties and accepted the responsibilities of each, and never, from first to last, exhibited any sign of side. This is a virtue more rarely shown than many people imagine; indeed, it is almost unique.

"Throughout all the years you have been connected with the Central News you have given to the business your best work and your best thought. If every shilling of its capital had been your own I do not think your policy would, in any single particular, have been different from what it has been. Certain it is that your interest in, and identification with, the business could not have been more deep, more single-minded, or more whole-hearted. Difficulties—and we have had many of them—have only steadied your pulse and steeled your nerve. Success has filled you with honest pride in your comrades and yourself; but it has never generated in you a single microbe of that terrible disease, 'swelled head.'

"Mr. Moore, we are proud of you as our Chief, and our sincere hope is that this watch and chain, which I now have the pleasure of handing to you, will be worn by you for many a decade to come, and that the banner of prosperity will continue to wave over you and the good old Central News together as long as you can desire it, or the business shall deserve it."

SCOTLAND.

The death has taken place, at the age of seventy-one, of Mr. Archibald Romanes, proprietor of the *Dunfermline Free Press*. The *Press* was founded in April, 1859, and six years afterwards Mr. Romanes, who was manager of the printing department at the date of the first publication, acquired the property.

WALES.

Mr. Charles E. Bury, now chief of the reporting staff of the *Wrexham Advertiser*, has been appointed editor of a new Liberal weekly paper to be published at Nelson, Lancashire. It will be issued early in December, under the title of the *Nelson Leader*.

ISLE OF MAN.

Messrs. S. K. Broadbent and Co., Limited (Douglas and Port St. Mary), proprietors of the *Isle of Man Examiner*, have arranged for a Linotype installation. The machines will be driven by electric motors, the electricity being generated on the premises.

Mr. F. Frost has resigned from the reporting staff of the *Manx Sun*.

As the outcome of persistent representations on the part of the Isle of Man sub-district of the Institute of Journalists, the Lieutenant Governor of the Isle of Man (Lord Henniker) is providing further accommodation for journalists engaged in reporting the debates of the Manx Legislature.

NEW BOOKS.

CROMWELL.*

These two books are, in effect, two expanded essays written the former in good, and the latter in somewhat indifferent English by two men who have made no special study of their subject, but who seem to have simultaneously chosen it as one having a great topical interest, there being just now an epidemic of Cromwellian literature.

Both authors have hitherto written on widely different matters, and it is not given to men, however gifted, to successfully shift from such subjects as Diderot and Richard Cobden, or the History of the Anglo-American Naval War, to serious English history.

Either writer could, with his varying measure of literary ability, have written equally well on the present war in South Africa, or the effect of climate on the horse, but the possession of a fatal facility shared with the ordinary pavement-artists of literature, does not constitute them historians, or help them to enlighten us on such serious subjects as the life of Cromwell.

The result of their labours are two books, one interesting, and the other dull, but both fairly correct as to the known facts of Cromwell's public career, the worst errors of previous authors on the subject having been avoided apparently, rather through carefully studying and noting up the reviews of the works of such authors than through original research.

THE AULD LICHT MANSE, KIRRIEMUIR.
From a drawing by G. W. Peters.

Since the publication of Mr. Firth's masterly life of Cromwell, there is, however, hardly any justification for the appearance of these essays in book form.

Before the real life of Cromwell and the history of his times can be written we must know more of his personal life and history. Was he virtuous before marriage, and "always faithful" to his wife afterwards? Was he really religious, or were his expressions mere trade shibboleths? Was he honest in money matters, and clear from the taint of handling public money?

It is so easy to assume that all these questions should be answered in the affirmative, and so laborious to search among manuscript matter for new facts! Yet there must be plenty of evidence to be obtained which has been overlooked. For example, as to his money matters before he entered public life every writer on the subject has missed the fact that he commenced acrimonious litigation against his kinsman Humfrey Steward, the executor of Sir Thomas Steward.

Again, why should it be assumed that the specific entry of his having to undergo penance for early immorality is a forgery? It would be comparatively easy to refer to the local Bishops' Records and find whether there is any corroboration of this or not, but it would give trouble, and trouble is hateful to all brilliant writers from Carlyle to Morley. They take the British Museum Catalogue, the London Library, and Gardiner, and are thankful, and have neither the time nor the inclination for original research.

For this, the public has to thank itself—it prefers something interesting to read—in effect an historical novel, forgetting that it already has in *Woodstock* a probably more correct view of Cromwell's character than any modern writer has given.

Unluckily, the standard work by Gardiner, though invaluable as to facts, laboriously and sturdily worked out from original records, is *not* interesting, and probably has not the tithe of the readers of Macaulay. Firth's recent handbook is a model of conciseness, and is both as correct as a proposition in Euclid, and as interesting as a novel, but is too short. He, too, slurs over the personal history which I venture to think would give the key to the history of the period.

When this personal history is written in detail it may very well be that we shall have to come back to the views of such men as Clarendon and Burke, and that there will be disclosed to us a very able man, sexually no saint, but no especial sinner; a man who for years chafed at inaction in private life, knowing his own ability, but having little opportunity of showing it—who gradually worked himself into politics by such means as were open to him, just as men nowadays step up from the Vestry, or the County Council, to the House; and a man who used the religious language of the day as a weapon, and not to express his real feelings. If either of the present writers had tackled the above problems he would have been doing history a service, and leading the way to a better insight into the story of the period.

It is strange that neither writer touches on Cromwell's nepotism or his immense expenditure, or has attempted to show how much money was diverted from public uses into the pockets of himself and his family. Mr. Morley certainly points out that ten of the fifty-nine signatories to the death warrant of Charles were kinsmen of Cromwell, and that sixteen of the 140 judges were more or less closely allied to him, but does not seem to see that these facts show nepotism to a great degree, and point to the creation of a ring very inconsistent with the idea that Cromwell was an honest politician. Neither writer, moreover, seems to have used the very many letters of Cromwell (about 120) either omitted by Carlyle's carelessness, or found after the publication of his "Letters."

The most satisfactory part of Mr. Morley's book, by the way, is the style in which he completely throws Carlyle overboard, *e.g.*, when he contemptuously refers (p. 2) to "those impatient and importunate deifications of Force, Strength, Violence, Will, which only show how easily hero-worship may glide into effrontery," or when (p. 285) he criticises with cutting correctness Carlyle's banal remarks on the results of the execution of Charles I.

Whatever may be Mr. Morley's shortcomings as an historian, there can be no doubt of his deserved position in English literature, and that he is well able to judge what is the present general opinion of educated men on any given subject, and such a condemnation of Carlyle, whose ignorance of his subject, whose gullibility, and whose laziness, for an apostle of laborious researches, in getting together fresh materials, is almost unequalled among historical writers, is a very big straw indeed to show how the wind is now dealing with the wind-bag of Chelsea.

Of Mr. Roosevelt's book one can only say that it is very well printed and illustrated. The only parts of it of value are pertinent comparisons drawn between the troops of Cromwell and the early levies in the recent American civil war—a subject of which, of course, he is thoroughly master. But, as a rule, his language is turgid, and his work suffers greatly by being

* "Oliver Cromwell." By the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P. (Macmillan.)
"Oliver Cromwell." By Theodore Roosevelt. 10s. 6d. net. (A. Constable and Co.)

produced simultaneously with the polished periods, the fine English, and the good and poetical imagery of Mr. Morley.

But in reading even the latter's book it leaves the nasty taste in the mouth that it is only piece work, though of the highest class, and that the same sonorous phrases and excellently clear language would be equally at the services of the next publisher who might want a treatise on astronomy or architecture.

WALTER RYE.

THE LIFE OF COVENTRY PATMORE.*

It should be stated at once that Mr. Champneys has accomplished a very difficult task with great care, with much tact and

JESS AT HER WINDOW.

From a drawing by J. Bernard Partridge.

"To Jess, at her window always when she was not in bed, things happy and mournful and terrible came into view. At this window she sat for twenty years or more looking at the world as through a telescope." —*A Window in Thrums.*

good sense, and as much success as could reasonably be expected. He has been throughout most loyal to the memory of Coventry Patmore, and has set him in the most favourable light. The discretion exercised and needed is obvious in many places. Nor can the publishers be too highly praised for the excellent and sumptuous manner in which they have done their part. We recall no literary biography of recent times so excellently produced.

It cannot, however, be said that the book is a really important contribution to literary history, and on the personal side there has been so much repression that most readers will be puzzled in conceiving Patmore as he really was. Nor is the critical part very weighty or fresh. Mr. Champneys is sensible and intelligent, but he is nothing more. By far the best critical estimate of Coventry Patmore is Mr. Gosse's sketch in the *Contemporary Review*, and these volumes would have been greatly enriched by its inclusion. One grows a little weary, it must be confessed, of the comparative tameness and ordinariness of Mr. Champneys' writing, though the numerous extracts from Patmore and others make some amends. The early part of the book, devoted to P. G. Patmore, is of decided interest, and the documents published about his connection with *Blackwood* and Colburn and otherwise are valuable to the student. On the whole, we think Mr. Champneys is not over favourable to P. G. Patmore, and that in one or two instances even a better case might have been made out. Curiously enough, Mr. Champneys omits to specify Coventry Patmore's birthplace, but the picture of the poet's boyhood is interesting and frank, although Mr. Champneys does not tell us the full story of Patmore's first volume published in 1844. We are not sure that he understands the objections reasonably taken to such pieces as "The Woodman's Daughter" and "Lilian." They show that partial taint in Patmore's mind which seemed to be born with him, which marred much of his finest work if it did not also injure his life. But the little book showed promise, power, and originality. It obtained for Patmore the friendship of Milnes, who secured for him an appointment at the British Museum which he held for many years, and on the strength of which he was able to marry Emily Augusta Andrews, with whom he had been acquainted for some little time. To most readers the chief interest of this biography will be found in the story of Coventry Patmore's first marriage. We have already published in THE BOOKMAN an article on Mrs. Coventry Patmore, written by one who knew her well, and who lived for a considerable period under the roof of the young couple. We have also published what might have been included in these volumes, a drawing of the cottage in Hampstead, now removed, where part of their wedded life was spent, and where Emily Patmore died, also two portraits not to be found elsewhere. In Mr. Patmore's lifetime it was proper to speak with great reticence, and still for the sake of survivors this reticence will, we hope, be observed. Certainly it is not our intention to break upon it. Mr. Champneys, however, will not be surprised to hear that some who remember Emily Patmore well and were closely attached to her, took a very different view of Patmore from that given in this book. Much of the truth has been suppressed, and perhaps wisely suppressed. The one point on which Mr. Champneys' judgment may be challenged is his treatment of Patmore's conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. That Emily Patmore died a strong Protestant is not to be doubted. That it was her most earnest wish that her children should be brought up Protestants is also a fact. It is believed, further, by those who ought to know, that Patmore's deathbed promise to his wife was that the religion of his children should not be interfered with. If this promise was made, it was made to be broken. It is, I think, sufficiently well known that Emily Patmore did not stand for the Angel in the House, although traits were borrowed from her. That she possessed considerable talent, an invincible sweetness of temper, and a true devotion to her own, is unanimously admitted.

It is disappointing that Mr. Champneys gives us no authoritative record of Patmore's critical activity in the early years of poverty. He had to supplement his slender income by writing articles for the reviews, and the vigour and maturity of his mind are shown by the impression he produced on influential editors. He was accepted as a contributor to the *Edinburgh*, the *North British*, and other periodicals of equal rank. His articles, so far as we can trace them, were racy and often merciless. One paper not referred to here was on American poets, and made great fun of Longfellow. Another was on Minor Poets of the Day, and was written with equal freedom. Patmore, who was essentially kind-hearted, did not care to be associated with these youthful outbursts, and declined to furnish information on the subject. It is but right to say that though often a severe critic he was never in the least malignant. He wrote without fear or favour what he believed to be true. That he had great insight and an extraordinary command of style even from the first is obvious in all his prose work.

His great success, however, was made by "The Angel in the House," which for many years had a vogue in England comparable to that of Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy." The two books used to be seen together in the drawing rooms of English villas. Even respectable critics were apt to say that the one had just as much right to be called poetry as the other. Patmore knew this very well, and felt it keenly, but he had no occasion to be troubled. Whatever it is, "The Angel in the House" is the work of a true poet. Nor did he altogether disdain the sweets of popularity. But shortly after his first wife died his whole life was changed by his second marriage. The story of the second Mrs. Patmore is more pathetic even than that of the first. She was a Miss Byles, and the daughter of a Gloucestershire gentleman. In her youth she was the friend of Manning, then Vicar of Lavington. They became much attached to each other, and it was thought by her friends that had he continued in the Anglican Communion she would have

* "Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore." By Basil Champneys. 2 vols. 32s. net. (George Bell and Sons.)

become his second wife. It is not known whether any actual engagement ever took place, but their intimate friendship was maintained until his death. Miss Byles continued an Anglican for two years after Manning's secession, and then, after a severe and painful struggle, determined to follow him. Many quiet years followed, and it was not till Miss Byles had reached the age of forty-two that she met Patmore in Rome. He was immediately attracted by her, and she soon became engaged to him, loyally accepting the charge of his six motherless children, and fulfilling it with complete and unselfish devotion. There is no part of Mr. Champneys' book more characteristic of an English gentleman than his description of Mary Patmore and her married life. She was extremely reserved, very diffident and silent, not beautiful, not well trained in domestic affairs, and, one gathers, by no means happy. She brought her husband a large fortune, and everything changed for him. He gave up his work at the British Museum and acquired an estate in Sussex, living afterwards at Hastings and Lymington in excellent style. He took the full management of everything, being quite patriarchal in his notions, and intensely enjoyed the comparative stateliness of his life. Mary Patmore died in 1880, and in 1881 Patmore was married to Miss Harriet Robson, who survives him. His children, especially Emily and Henry, showed distinct literary gifts, but they died early. During these years Patmore did comparatively little literary work, but everything he did was important. His book, "The Unknown Eros," contains the finest things he ever wrote, and his prose works, "Principle in Art," "Religio Poetæ," "Rod, Root, and Flower," are full of original thought, delicately and brilliantly expressed. The essential worth of Patmore's nature is shown by the fact that among his close friends to the last were Dykes Campbell and Frederick Greenwood. It was at Mr. Greenwood's instigation and under his editorship that Patmore wrote the best of his prose, and also some of the best of his poetry.

The second volume contains much miscellaneous matter, including extracts from Patmore's note-books, many of his letters, and also some of the letters written to him. There is not much in these that calls for special attention, though of course they are readable. The one serious breach of literary friendship in Patmore's life appears to have been his estrangement from Tennyson. Mr. Champneys, who always takes the generous view, is disposed to attribute this to unfortunate misunderstanding. The evidence, we are afraid, is decidedly against him. If ever Patmore venerated anyone it was Tennyson. He took some natural offence at a well-meant attempt by Mrs. Tennyson to secure for him a grant from the Committee of the Literary Fund at the time when his wife Emily was lying dead in his house. A letter seems to have miscarried, and for long years there was silence. In 1881 Patmore wrote a very manly and courteous letter to Tennyson, attempting to put things right. Tennyson replied in four lines: "I can only regret that this long estrangement has taken place, and pray you to believe that I am always yours." This was not encouraging, but Patmore made another attempt by sending his "Unknown Eros" to Tennyson a few weeks later. To this Tennyson replied: "My dear Patmore,—Many thanks for your 'Unknown Eros' which reached me this morning. Yours very truly, A. Tennyson." It will be acknowledged that it is not Patmore who is discredited by this revelation.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.*

The universal European reputation of Samuel Richardson is one of the curiosities of literary history. It exists, it cannot be questioned or disputed; but assuredly those of his English contemporaries who most admire the merits of this remarkable writer would have been slow to prognosticate for him a fame greatly transcending the limits of his own country. To us at the present day Richardson seems distinctly an author for the few, Fielding and Smollett authors for the many. Richardson is read with effort, his rivals with ease. Yet, if we look beyond the limits of his native country, his fame and influence greatly surpass theirs.

It may contribute something towards the solution of the problem if we consider that, by a strange irony of fortune, this prosaic citizen was one of the greatest innovators that literature has ever known. Before him, fiction and romance were almost convertible terms. It was taken for granted that the novel must lie outside the sphere of ordinary experience There was, indeed, a particular class of novel, the Spanish *novela picaresca* and its imitations in other languages, which professed to represent life as it was—but the life of rogues and vagabonds, as foreign to the experience of polite and cultivated circles as the feats of the paladins. Two great novels do indeed in a manner constitute a transition from the Arcadias and Clelias to the domestic novel of Richardson—"Robinson Crusoe" and "Gil Blas." But although both are exquisitely true to human nature, the scenery and costume are unfamiliar; the Englishman writes of the Carribean Islands and the Frenchman of Spain. Richardson is not, for he could not be, truer to life than they are, but by simply laying the scenes of his fictions in his own neighbourhood, he has balanced the egg of Columbus.

If it be inquired why Richardson's rivals, following his methods and in many respects greatly surpassing him, achieved nothing like his popularity and influence abroad, the answer is in a measure highly honourable to him. They were national, but he is universal. Their characters, with some exceptions like Amelia, present difficulties to the ready apprehension of foreigners, but Richardson's are types of universal human nature, of which the costume alone is national. Fielding and Smollett accordingly are much underrated on the Continent; while at a somewhat later date Goldsmith and Sterne, creating characters of universal human interest apart from local colouring, achieved a European renown hardly inferior to Richardson's. Equal influence they could not exert, for they were not, like Richardson, professedly didactic writers. Didactic fiction is so much at a discount at present, that we can hardly realise its potency in the eighteenth century. We can scarcely conceive that the most memorable romancer of the age, the brainsick Genevese

HENDRY.

By William Hole, R.S.A.

"'In all Thrums,' she (Jess) has told me, and I know it to be true, 'there's no a better man than Hendry. There's them 'at's cleverer in the wys o' the world, but my man, Hendry McQumpha, never did naething in all his life 'at wasna weel intended, an' though his words is common, it's to the Lord he looks. I canna think but what Hendry's pleasin' to God.'" —*A Window in Thrums.*

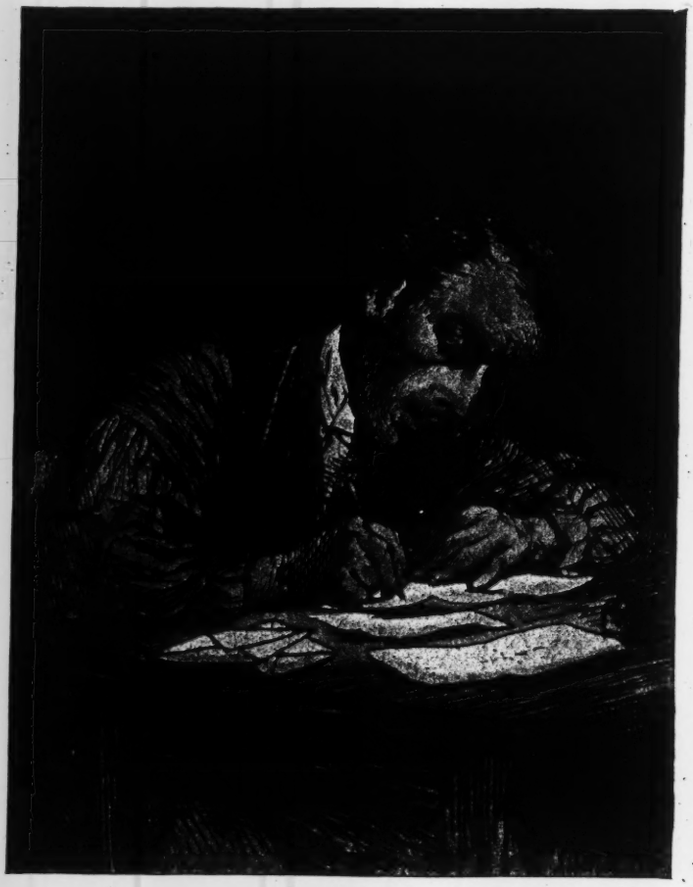
* "Samuel Richardson." A Biographical and Critical Study. By Clara Linklater Thomson. (Horace Marshall and Son.)

whom we are accustomed to regard as the type of a wild poetical enthusiast, wrote nothing without a strictly didactic purpose. Yet Rousseau and Richardson thought alike on this point, and it is to this pair of novelists, superficially in such complete antithesis, that we must go for the educational ideas which most powerfully affected their contemporaries.

The recognition of Richardson's place in the history of fiction, and his attitude towards his own age as, if the most prosaic among the prophets, still a prophet, is the strongest side of Miss Thomson's monograph. Nothing can be better than her chapters on the Development of the Novel and on Richardson's influence upon his contemporaries. No wonder, cavillers may interject, if, as the authoress candidly acknowledges, she follows Erich Schmidt and Le Breton, Texte and Brunetière. But, granting that her views may be mainly derived from these writers, the neatness and lucidity of statement are her own. Equal cleverness is evinced in the summaries of Richardson's novels, which, by an unhappy necessity, occupy so large a portion of her book. Summary-making is a thankless occupation at best, and never more so than when it is applied to the condensation of the plots of novels. If the novel is one to be read, the intending reader will religiously avoid the summary; if it is not worth reading as a whole, why, he will ask, trouble about the abridgment? The answer must be found in the great significance of Richardson's work as the inauguration of a new era in fiction, and the most momentous fresh departure fiction has ever made, the epoch when those whose function it had previously merely been to amuse took their places side by side with moralists and divines. It is remarkable that the publication of Richardson's first novel (1740) coincided with an event of equal importance in the sphere of politics, the accession of Frederick the Great.

The genuine Richardsonian—a rare species, but neither extinct nor doomed to extinction—will turn aside from Miss Thomson's condescensions to the multitude to the strictly biographical portion of her labours. Here, we apprehend, some disappointment will be felt. The announcement that the authoress had availed herself of the copious Richardson correspondence in the Forster Library at South Kensington justified expectations which have hardly been realised. We cannot perceive that the biography has been greatly enriched by the correspondence, and we cannot feel sure that it might not have been. Miss Thomson's talent is apparently rather literary than artistic. She shines more in eviscerating a document than in vitalising a personage. It may well be—though we can feel no certainty on the point—that one endowed with a keener eye for the lights and shades of character would have found the letters more entertaining and more pictorial than Miss Thomson appears to have done, and thus have been able to turn them to better literary account. It might also have been judicious to have combined Richardson's biography with the notices of his friends, and grouped the latter around the novelist's sturdy and prosaic figure as points of light by which its homeliness might be relieved and illuminated. Richardson's virtuous horror of Fielding, for instance—the Second Cardinal Sin masquerading in the garb of morality—would have been an incomparable subject for Thackeray; and powers considerably below Thackeray's, if exerted by one entirely in harmony with the spirit of the eighteenth century, might prove that Miss Thomson has still left room for a rehandling of Richardson mainly from the biographical point of view. Such a writer would probably leave Miss Thomson mainly in possession of the departments which she has made her own, and endeavour to make Richardson live again as a pattern private citizen and representative of the society around him. The scale of such a work should not be more extensive than one of the volumes of that "Men of Letters" series from which Richardson was so unaccountably excluded. Meanwhile, though we cannot but deem that Miss Thomson has left something for a successor, her actual performance merits praise and thanks.

RICHARD GARNETT.



JAMIE.

By William Hole, R.S.A.

"All Jess's acquaintances knew that in the beginning of every month a registered letter reached her from London. To her it was not a matter to keep secret. She was proud that the help she and Hendry needed in the gloaming of their lives should come from her beloved son, and the neighbours esteemed Jamie because he was good to his mother."

—*A Window in Thrums.*

"I see Jess at her window looking for the son who never came back as no other can see her, and I knew that unless I brought him back in time the book would be a pain to me all my days, but the thing had to be done."

—*J. M. Barrie.*

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF T. E. BROWN.*

This handsome edition of Mr. Brown's poems is worthily associated with three of his old friends, Mr. H. F. Brown, Mr. H. G. Dakyns, and Mr. Henley, under whose care it has been prepared for the press. It would surely have given the poet—who humorously appreciated his exclusion from the throng of minor singers—a thrill of satisfaction, could he have seen his life's labour issued at last in the green covers which the complete editions of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Tennyson have made so familiar; and for my own part I do not recall any body of contemporary verse, outside of Browning's, which I would more readily welcome under that same colour.

Speaking broadly, Mr. Brown's poetic work spread over twenty years. "Betsy Lee" was published in 1873. In 1881 it was included in the volume entitled "Fo'c'sle Yarns." "The Doctor" appeared in 1887, and was followed in 1889 by "The Manx Witch." The last of his books, "Old John and other Poems," was issued in 1893, four years before his sudden death. The contents of those volumes are reproduced in this edition, and the editors have included twenty-three poems hitherto unpublished. There are, however, five more poems—among them a Fo'c'sle Yarn—and half of a sixth which, as they now appear in book-form for the first time, will be new to the generality of readers. In the matter of arrangement it has been a happy thought to group the Manx poems together, and to place

* "The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown." 7s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

them between two sections, one wholly and the other almost wholly free from dialect. It is not easy to understand why readers in general detest dialect or how they happen to find it unintelligible; but for Mr. Brown's popularity it was a pity, and for the delight of the English-speaking world it was a still greater pity, that dialect was his favourite, indeed one may venture to say his most adequate, form of expression. He was never more contented and rarely so prosperous as when he sang in the "old familiar speech for his own people." The great bulk of his work is in dialect, and a glance at this edition will show the proportion of about 550 pages of Manx to 150 of the Queen's English. To a stranger, though easy enough to understand, it is not a pretty or a musical dialect, but when one thinks of the beauty and tenderness, the pathos and humour, the tragedy and large human compassion with which the poet has charged it, one is compelled to withdraw the expression of regret and to question instead whether in any other form he could have achieved the same wonderful results. Indeed, this uncouth, grotesque Manx, with its contents of poetry, reminds me of those fantastic figures of satyrs in the sculptors' shops which Alcibiades compared to Socrates—open them and within you will find the images of the gods. Somewhere in his letters he speaks of the Island he loved as "quivering and trembling all over with stories. The people are always telling them to one another, and any morning or evening you hear, whether you like it or not, innumerable anecdotes, sayings, tragedies, comedies." In the "Fo'c'sle Yarns" and in such poems as "Bella Gorry," "In the Coach," "Peggy's Wedding," the Island springs up before you in vivid light and colour, and you see what a marvellous little world, full of intense passion, full of primeval love and hatred, plays out the checkered drama of existence on this mere boulder set in the sea, and plays it in unrestrained freedom from the conventionalities and proprieties which have crusted over so much of our volcanic fires. And turn as you will to this page or that, you have character, strong yet tender, keenly defined, uncompromising in its rude force and strangely attractive in its freshness. These generalities cannot, I fear, count for much with anyone who is not already familiar with these poems, which, even if Mr. Brown had no other claim on our recognition, ought to have secured him a place unique among the creators of fiction in our day.

MRS. J. M. BARRIE.

From Photo by Frank Dickins, London.

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GRIZEL.

From the drawing by W. Hatherell, R.I.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Cassell and Co.)

"They waylaid Grizel, when she was alone, and thus assailed her, she answering not a word.

"'What's a father?'

"'She'll soon no have a mither either!'

"'The Painted Lady needs to paint her cheeks no langer!'"

"Are you angry with them? If so, put the cheap thing aside, or think only of Grizel, and perhaps God will turn your anger into love for her.

"Great-hearted, solitary child! She walked away from them without flinching, but on reaching the Den, where no one could see, she lay down on the ground, and her cheeks were dry, but little wells of water stood in her eyes."

—*Sentimental Tommy.*

Unfortunately there is little that can be taken from its context to justify what may seem an extravagant estimate, but there is one poem which will, I think, indicate something of Brown's qualities in this Manx region, and though it is a little long for the purpose, I quote it in full:—

MATER DOLOROSA.

Aw, Billy, good sowl! don't cuss! don't cuss!
Ye see, these angels is grand to nuss;
And it's lek they're feedin' them on some nice air,
Or dew or the lek, that's handy there.
O Billy, look at my poor, poor bress!
O Billy, see the full it is!
But . . . O my God! . . . but navar mind!
There's no doubt them sperrits is very kind—
And of coorse they're that beautiful it's lekly
The childher is takin' to them direc'ly—
Eh, Billy, eh? . . . And . . . O my head!
Billy, Billy, come to bed! . . .
And the little things that navar knew sin—
And everything as nate as a pin:
And the lovely bells goin' ding-a-lingin'—
And of coorse we've allis heard of their singin'.
But won't he want me when he'll be wakin'?
Will they take him up when he's wantin' takin'?
I hope he'll not be left in the dark—
He was allis used to make a wark
If a body'd lave him the smallest minute—
Dear me! the little linnet—
But I forgot—it's allis light
In yandher place . . . All right! all right!
I forgot, ye see . . . I'm not very well . . .
Light, was I sayin'? but who can tell?
Bad for the eyes though . . . but a little curtain
On a string, ye know—aw, certain! certain!
Let me feel your face, Billy! Jus' us two!
Aw, Billy, the sorry I am for you!

Aw, 'deed it is, Billy,—very disthressin'
To lave your childher to another pessin—
But . . . all the little rooms that's theer—
And Jesus walkin' up the steer,
And tappin' lek—I see! I see!
O Jesus Christ, have pity on me!
But He'll come, He'll come! He'll give a look
Just to see the care that's took—
O! there's no doubt He's very good—
O, I think He wud, I think He wud!
But still . . . but still . . . but I don't know.
O Billy! I think I'd like to go—
What's that, Billy? did ye hear a cry?
O Illiam, the sweet it'd be to die.

Brown described himself as "a born sobber," and there are many who think emotion of this kind 'womanish and weak; but have not all our greatest been men in whom the well of tears sprang up beside the well of laughter—natural laughter, wholesome tears?

MR. BARRIE'S HOUSE AT KIRRIEMUIR.
From a drawing by J. M. Gleeson.

Turning to the poems which may for convenience be called English, what strikes me most is the wide range of sympathy indicated by the subjects chosen, the strenuous and characteristic diction, and the cheery strength of personality which leaves the reader in the mood that this was a poet who above all things was a man, notable and rememberable, whom it was good to know, and whose song it was good to hear. There are many poems in this portion of his work on which one would like to dwell, particularly such personal utterances as "Aber Stations," the "Epistola ad Dakyns," and "Old John," but the germs and possibilities of these are really included in the Manx poems. What is much more worthy of remark is the deep and thrilling strain of mysticism, almost unique in the verse of yesterday and to-day, which finds expression in poems that, once read, become not merely a possession, but a part of the reader for ever.

Consider this, and seek in any writer during the last two centuries for six lines to equal it:

PRAESTO.

Expecting Him, my door was open wide:
Then I looked round
If any lack of service might be found,
And saw Him at my side:
How entered, by what secret stair,
I know not, knowing only He was there.

This might have been the windfall of a happy chance, but there are half a dozen others besides—"Specula," "In a Fair Garden," "Euroclydon," and that marvellous thing, "Disguises," to name no more. And Herbert, thinking of an unwise and too niggardly asceticism, might have written these beautiful lines, one fancies; only he did not:

SALVE!

To live within a cave—it is most good.
But, if God make a day,
And some one come, and say:—
"Lo! I have gathered faggots in the wood!"
E'en let him stay,
And light a fire, and fan a temporal mood!

So sit till morning! When the light is grown
That he the path can read,
Then bid the man God-speed!
His morning is not thine; yet must thou own
They have a cheerful warmth—these ashes on the stone.

WILLIAM CANTON.

EMPIRE AND DEMOCRACY.*

If I understand Mr. Cotes's preface, which rings like a challenge to our common histories, this volume of 680 large pages will be succeeded by four others as big. Should they turn out to be as readable, we may congratulate ourselves when winter sets in that entertainment for the chimney-corner will not be wanting. To English readers, Mr. Cotes will surely recall Buckle's famous, speculative, and wide-sweeping chapters on civilisation; but the father of all these abstract romances was Montesquieu, and the great-grandfather Polybius. Our Oxford student must be well aware that every third sentence he writes is debatable, and among the piles of authorities which he has consulted a fair proportion are sure to be unsound. Like Montesquieu, he stimulates even where we disagree, and the doubts which he is apt to provoke may open fresh lines of enquiry. The style is good journalism, rapid, emphatic, without shade or relief, and sometimes oracular. As for the argument, I take it to be more or less, in substance, what I am going to set down.

The fact, now patent to an envious world, is that Britain holds the most enormous Empire known to history. The problem is how it arose. The answer, as given by Mr. Cotes, is that this Empire was created by a free people, who always had arms in their hands, who employed war in the interests of commerce, and whose self-government has tended more and more to become democracy. "By the plan of the world," he says, appealing to maps, "empires are placed where lands connect the maritime regions;—all empires have depended on sea-power,—and sea-power only falls to a people whose plebeians are armed, and therefore free." Democracy and Empire would thus, where the world's plan favoured it, be the inside and the outside, the heart and limbs, of popular freedom. It has been the custom to connect things otherwise,—to speak of military despotism overrunning the earth, and to represent great conquerors as great tyrants. The association of freedom at home with empire abroad is a paradox; and at this moment Liberals in England are of one mind with Democrats in America with regard to the perils of a military era. But Mr. Cotes gathers in from the right hand or the left materials of every description to support his theme. And as he discovers in the "armed plebeian" the secret of past and future advancement, he is copious, instructive, and peremptory on the civilizing influence of war. The science which has invented gunpowder, abolished chivalry, and put the common soldier above the knight in armour, would seem to be democratic. To this subject we are brought back again and again, until we ask ourselves whether indeed militarism has proved the wet-nurse of liberty, and in what sense the Continent of Europe, now armed to the teeth, is free.

"THE THRUMS."
From the *Punch* drawing of E. T. Reed.
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I do not know if Mr. Cotes has lived abroad, but anyone acquainted with countries so unlike as Italy and the Fatherland will often have had this problem forced on his notice. The plebeian is certainly armed in Naples and in Cologne; that he is free I shall believe when I see it, and not till then. Conscription is another name for slavery, and the difference

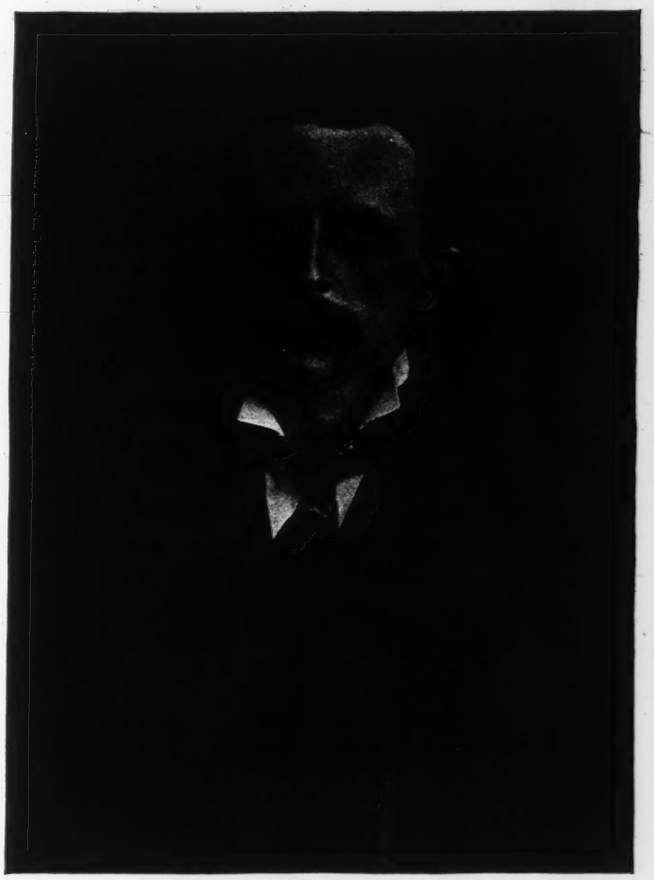
* "Social and Imperial Life of Britain." By Kenelm D. Cotes, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

between a modern barrack and a classic ergastulum appears rather in the title than the thing. Other considerations present themselves. It is certain that life in foreign countries was not nearly so disciplined from above before the days of conscription as it is now everywhere. When a nation is transformed to a camp, the individual must be under orders. Napoleon created an empire; how large was the degree of liberty which his subjects enjoyed?

From such observations as these, it would appear that Mr. Cotes, while urging his argument onward, has left difficulties in the rear, and thus not solved the problem he undertook to elucidate. England and the Great Republic of the West are the homes of freedom; but the number of their trained soldiers, even now, is small compared with the battalions of Imperial Europe. What does this imply?

Perhaps that there are two ways of "arming the plebeian," —as a slave by the Emperor, King, Consul, and as a free man by himself. To discern the relations which undoubtedly exist between war and industrial expansion is a task that allures; but when we reduce it to an affair of "rifles and artillery," of "infantry and missiles," we may explain the growth of empire, yet leave in the dark how all this bears on a free democracy. Here and there Mr. Cotes brushes up against the towering problem of this day and the day to come, — he mentions the "plutocrat" with a certain disdain. But have the rifles conquered the millionaire? As much as they have driven William II. and feudalism out of the German Empire. The plebeian "carries equality with him," says our author in his concluding sentence. He may, if he can organize industry to his own advantage; otherwise, being economically a serf, his boast of equal rights is a vain pretence.

WILLIAM BARRY.



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. J. M. BARRIE.
From Photo by Barraud.

QUISANTÉ.*

Here Mr. Hope has returned to his own special field, where to-day he stands unrivalled. We are not ungrateful for all he has done to amuse us, to stir us romantically, in "The Prisoner of Zenda," in "Phroso," and "The Heart of Princess Osra." In these he shows conspicuous cleverness, fancy, and inventive ability; but a great many other writers are good seconds to him, and these popular and pleasant books are not stamped with individuality. We have certainly no preference for political novels over romances of adventure; but we must do justice to special power when we feel it as we do in "Half a Hero" and "Quisanté." Not in the outer region of his fancy have these been conceived, but in the innermost parts where lodge hard-won experience and knowledge of the hearts of men. Mr. Hope does not merely see the game of politics. Indeed, he seems to be very little of an amateur of strategy. We are not shown the whole field, much less the whole campaign—only as much of the struggle as passes in the testing ground of one man's heart and force. What we are permitted to see of the general strife of parties and causes is not even very vivid. Perhaps hardly enough pains has been taken to stamp the circumstances with reality. Other writers of political novels—Trollope, for instance—have almost deceived us into entering imaginary polling-booths, into applauding imaginary speeches, into taking sides hotly, and wearing one imaginary candidate's ribbons, and writing lampoons on his imaginary rival. But we do nothing of the kind here. There is nothing improbable in the tale of the contest, but it is shadowy to us, as if it took place in another country whose politics were not familiar. This may be a weakness. But the triumph of the book would condone a hundred such weaknesses. For Quisanté is no shadow. He, at least, is real, a bit of throbbing life, whom you may shrink from and wonder at with exceeding great discomfort, but whom you can neither ignore nor forget.

Quisanté stands out not only in the roll of Mr. Hope's personages, but among the characters of latter-day fiction. He moves us; he annoys us; exasperates us. We can entirely enter into the feelings of the "set" among which Fate threw him, or, to speak more correctly, on whom he thrust himself. He was very often a cad; his taste, judged by British standards, was usually very bad; his methods were often the reverse of straightforward. He married a woman, whose codes of taste and manners and morals were not his. He never bullied her into acquiescence, yet without loving him blindly or very warmly, she owned his power with passionate pride, and, when Death had freed her from him, refused most certain happiness that she might be loyal to his memory, to his abiding personality. And we do not think her fanciful or absurdly quixotic in this.

Mr. Hope has expatiated much on the man. But he has left us something to find out for ourselves. Here he is explanatory. "He was ill-bred, but he was not mean; he was a vaunter, but not a coward; he demanded adherence, and did not beg alms. This was the attitude of his mind, but, unhappily, it was often apparently contradicted by the cringing of his body and the wheedling of his tongue. In attempting smoothness he fell into oiliness; where he aimed at polished brilliance the result was blazing varnish. Had he known what to pray for he would have supplicated heaven that he might have eyes able to see the man beneath the ape." Now from this and some other strictures which various persons in the story let fall on Quisanté, a good deal may be discounted. Little is told of his origin, but he has a foreign name. Englishmen are supremely wanting in a sense of the drama so far as ordinary life and bearing are concerned. It is no virtue in them, but a great intellectual and imaginative defect, and forms a most regrettable national drawback. But they are hugely proud of this defect, and scornful of the foreigner with his airs and graces, his talent for *mise en scene*, all of which they designate as monkey tricks. We cannot be sure, therefore, cannot even be as sure even as Mr. Hope seems to be, of the objectionableness of Quisanté's tricks of manner—since many a good Southern gentleman has been taken for a mountebank by a Northern barbarian. But there was that little business of the Alethea Company, those just a little doubtful transactions in the city, and the not improbable suspicion that he had not lost all the advantages to be gained out of a damaging story against his political rival. The man's hands were not very clean. And he was vain. Yes, we are with the "set" in lamenting Mary's casting herself away on such a rank "outsider." Then Mr. Hope does almost

* "Quisanté." By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

the impossible thing. He pierces us with a thrilling sense that the man is great. Of course we cry out, and say "cad" and other ugly names. But there remains the stern truth that greatness may be housed in the body of a cad. And it is not merely intellectual greatness either. There are flashes of a real nobility of character. There is his fascinating vitality, and that gallantry that goes to death smiling—inspired by a sense of melodrama, or by the supremest courage, or both, no matter, it moves us to enthusiasm.

The man takes the first place. But the tragedy is the woman's. "On her side there came a sort of settled, resigned, not altogether unhumorous despair. . . . She could not change what she hated in him, and she could not cease to hate it. She could neither make the normal level higher, nor yet bear patiently with the normal lower level; the great moments would not become perpetual, and the small moments grew more irritating and more humiliating. But the great moments recurred from time to time and never lost their charm." You see, she was of an undramatic, good-mannered, high-principled, aristocratic English set, and the *mésalliance* was shocking, and her married life was most uncomfortable. But she refused the hand of a refined and loyal and unexceptionable old friend with the words: "We did odd things, he and I in our partnership, things never to be told. My poor cheeks burn still, and you remember that I cried. But we did great things, too, he and I . . . . And—yes—I am content to have it so. He loved me very much, and he was a very great man." And there is something wrong with the morality that blames her. At least we feel so, fresh from Quisanté's influence. For Quisanté is in these pages not merely a curious human document. He is a living man, defying our judgments, and winning our pity.

THE DEN, THRUMS.
From Photo by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

"The wooded ravine called the Den is in Thrums, rather on its western edge, but it is so craftily hidden away that when within a stone's throw you may give up the search for it; it is also so deep that larks rise from the bottom and carol overhead, thinking themselves high in the heavens before they are on a level with Nether Drumley's farmland. In shape it is almost a semicircle, but its size depends on you and the maid." —*Sentimental Tommy.*

SENATOR NORTH.*

Probably a quite new contingent will be drawn into Mrs. Atherton's large circle of admirers by her latest book. Those who may have been alienated by her occasional audacities, defiances, even by her exuberant vivacity, will re consider their judgments. In "Senator North" there are audacities, but there is a steadier power, a greater sobriety than any of the earlier work gave promise of, and the restraint has not tended to dulness. The book is well-made, energetic and fresh, and to our mind shows a firmer grip of realities than any of its predecessors. There is abundance of novelty, too, in it. A political novel, it gives us glimpses of Washington and senatorial society comfortably upsetting to the preconceived notions of most of us. Written during or just after the war fever, it is courageously outspoken on the unpopular side. And then its hero is a passionate lover at sixty years of age! These novelties are treated, too, in a capable fashion. We may have read Bryce and the American newspapers and our own at the time of a presidential election, and yet Mrs. Atherton has something to startle us with. The corruption of political life is rather more doubtful after we have met Senator North, and the stability of the Republic is not quite so certain as we had taken for granted. Hamilton's ghost must rouse a new train of thought in many minds. Perhaps Mrs. Atherton's compatriots have forgiven her by this time for her outspoken condemnation of the war with Spain. But she has to count with readers on this side, for she lashes a very common sentiment of the day when she laughs at the idea of war, any kind of war, being justifiable for the sake of the health of the aggressive nation.

But, of course, it is the love-story that will attract most, and rightly, too, for in spite of the Washingtonian setting and the talk of votes and debates and war, it is not a very political novel after all. The heroine is quite specially unpolitical, though she haunts the ladies' gallery, and keeps a political salon. She took to politics as many take to philanthropy or embroidery, because she wanted an interest. From the first moment of her purpose she flatters and pets politicians, who like flattery and petting, of course, and pay her back in kind. She sticks to her new interest, because she falls in love with a senator. Her love-story is not very romantic, or very heroic, or very charming. It is all too much arranged. It follows too closely the lines of her self-interest. She wears innumerable beautiful toilettes, but otherwise Betty is a decidedly commonplace young person. Like too many of Mrs. Atherton's heroines, she would be of no use at all for purposes of romance if she were not very rich. But Senator North makes an impressive hero. For all his sixty years, the only fault we have to find with him is his too elderly manner. The tones of the benevolent grandfather are a little too audible. But when he sinks these, we own him to be a courtly and a fascinating lover—original, too, for his manner of keeping faith

* "Senator North." By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Lane.)

with his living invalid wife, while calculating future chances of marriage with Betty, rouses our interest, even our admiration. The vitality of the man is astounding. While combatting, almost alone, the war passions of a nation, he has the spare force to be a lover. And when the girl apparently deserts him —lest her feeling for him should carry her to unconventional lengths—for a much younger man, this gallant of sixty never doubts of his power, but rests quiet till she comes back again. He is a bold invention, Senator North, and boldness has bred success.

It would have been better that the secondary story of Jack Emery and Harriet had been omitted. No European reader can quite realise, save intellectually, and reason has nothing to do with the matter, the inevitability of their tragedy. If Mrs. Atherton had spent the force of a whole story on them it might have been more satisfactory. Perhaps one day she will devote a book to that tragedy of "colour."

THE UNKNOWN.*

M. Flammarion has achieved a considerable reputation by his popular works on astronomy, which are excellent of their kind. In this volume he ventures into a new field, that of psychical research, a subject which seems to possess a considerable attraction for physicists of a certain type. The "Unknown" is the human soul, whose nature and conditions cannot be demonstrated by physical tests; but of whose existence the author believes strong presumptive evidence exists in the phenomena of hallucination, premonition, telepathy, and the like. Many persons, including those who belong to any section of the Christian Church, believe in the existence of an immortal soul, on grounds of a different order. These have no difficulty in believing in the possibility of any such psychic phenomena as those recorded here, provided the evidence in each individual case be sufficient. Very few, however, of the stories collected by M. Flammarion fulfil this condition. In the initial chapters the author warns his readers against the extremes of credulity and of incredulity. Beliefs in Divine or Saintly interpositions are examples of the former; unbelief in the omnipotence of science is an illustration of the latter.

The stories which make up the largest part of the book are of the same nature as those which fill the pages of the Journal of the Society of Psychical Research.

* "The Unknown." By Camille Flammarion. 7s 6d. (Harper.)

From Photo by THE CUTTLE WELL, THRUMS. [*Valentine and Sons, Dundee.*

"Men who have been lads in Thrums sometimes go back to it from London or from across the seas, to look again at some battered little house and feel the blasts of their bairnhood playing through the old wynds, and they may take with them a foreign wife. They show her everything except the Cuttle Well; they often go there alone. The well is sacred to the memory of first love. You may walk from the well to the round cemetery in ten minutes. It is a common walk for those who go back." —*Sentimental Tommy.*

"By and by he found himself among the shadows of the den. If he had loved Grizel, he would have known that it was here she would come, to the sweet den where he and she had played as children, the spot where she had loved him first. She had always loved him, always, always. He did not know what figure it was by the Cuttle Well until he was quite close to her. She was kissing the glove passionately, and on her eyes lay little wells of gladness." —*Tommy and Grizel.*

NOVEL NOTES.

THE HEART'S HIGHWAY. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s. (Murray.)

For once Miss Wilkins has deserted New England to give us a charming story of Old Virginia. It is fresh and vigorous in style, and the end is as ingenious as it is novel. The plot is good all through, and if the hero is a little too faultless, the heroine's fascination more than atones for him. So much in bare justice to Miss Wilkins—now for a grumble. Good as the book is, it might have been written by half-a-dozen other people. We miss the delicacy and the humour which marked Miss Wilkins' earlier work. She has made New England so peculiarly her own, that we regret this excursion into other realms, fearing that the success of this venture may encourage her to repeat it. In "The Heart's Highway" Miss Wilkins has shewn how successfully she can write in this robuster vein. Let her be content with her triumph and return once more to her beloved New England. As for the book, that deserves to be read from end to end, only with a prayer that the writer may, in future, leave such themes to others.

THE MADNESS OF DAVID BARING. By Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The teaching of this book is that money is an excellent thing if used properly. David Baring, while a poor undergraduate at Cambridge, inherits a large fortune, a country seat, and much property. He is the hero, of course; naturally it would be sheer waste in a book if such a man were not the hero. After a short period of kicking his heels at Malpas Towers, imagining himself in love, and other predicaments, David Baring's madness comes on; the origin and nature of which madness we will not, though tempted, divulge; contenting

ourselves with saying that it takes him into strange and unlovely places, among poor and evil people; also into Cornwall, and a Brotherhood. This Brotherhood Settlement is

MR. BARRIE'S HOUSE IN LONDON.
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a sort of modern Utopia, where beautiful sentences from Emerson, Thoreau, and other thinkers are written on a blackboard afresh each morning, as guides for the day; where there is an honest attempt to live a simple life; where collars are at a discount, and leap-year is not forgotten; but where weakness and dissension creep in, and facts assert themselves. The descriptions of this Settlement and of Whitechapel are vivid and often amusing, and one feels that there is no exaggeration in the scenes presented. On just one point we criticise the author's methods. He lures us into the belief that there is to be more plot than there really is. In the case of Martha Hayes we expect at least revelations, and as for Emily Baker, the Whitechapel dressmaker, we are prepared for anything in her case, and are given, comparatively nothing. It is not that we need more plot; but Mr. Hocking implies that there is more, and then, apparently, forgets to keep his word. This is all the fault we shall find with him. There is much food for thought in his book, a pretty love-tale, and many a valuable lesson inoffensively taught.

SONS OF THE MORNING. By Eden Philpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Philpotts is in danger of taking himself and his work too seriously. This tendency, only too marked in "Children of the Mist," is still plainer in "Sons of the Morning." We confess to having found much of Mr. Philpotts' new novel sadly wanting in attraction and brightness. It contains not a little excellent writing. Nothing could be more humorous than the rustic scenes; while the descriptive work is good, though there is too much of it. But failure is in the central figures. They are stiff and unreal, not convincing enough to win our sympathy. Besides, to make matters worse, the story never ends. It simply breaks off, leaving the heroine in blank despair. True, she deserved her fate; but that is small consolation for the reader. A woman of a type happily abnormal, she was violently in love with two men at the same time. Hence, of course, complications follow which we do not propose to reveal. If the reader chooses to unravel them, he will be rewarded by some diverting studies of Devonshire yokels, in which Mr. Philpotts returns to his old saner, merrier self. The problem novel may not yet have had its day, but the problem novel without a real problem certainly has.

MEN OF MARLOWE'S. By Mrs. Henry Dudeny. 6s. (Long.)

It is always hard to say what is, and what is not, legitimate material for the novelist. In the hands of a writer of real genius, a sordid and vulgar theme may have its uses. Even this is doubtful. But for lesser lights to meddle with such matters seems to us presumptuous, not to say foolish. "Men of Marlowe's" may be, and no doubt is, a faithful picture of the life of a certain class, mean and trivial to a degree. But what purpose does it serve? The work is convincing enough, but that is all. It is not amusing, and the main end of the novelist is to amuse; neither is it stimulating in any way. On the contrary it is merely morbid and depressing, clever enough to be annoying without being excusable. Mrs. Dudeny has proved beyond dispute that she is a writer of remarkable ability. She ought to make better use of her talent.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TRAMP. J. F. Crawford. 5s. (Longman.)

Mr. Crawford has carried out with brilliant success a daring and original idea. He has given a convincing picture of tramp life, as he imagines it. It may not be a true picture; cold, calm reason assures us that it is not. But while we are reading the book it carries us away entirely. It is a *tour de force*, a most startling bit of imaginative work, the result of a careful and sympathetic study of these wandering outcasts. The workmanship, it is true, is a little uneven. Here and there appears a slight uncertainty of touch. Mr. Crawford cannot always keep up the rôle of the tramp. Indeed he would have been more than human had he not now and again lapsed back into his real self. Vivid as the book is, it has the merit of being idealistic. It is not, as it might well have been, a mere photographic picture of a life necessarily sordid and wretched. The author has resisted all temptation to Zolaism, and never dwells on the squalid phase of the life which he describes. He writes always with insight and often with real tenderness. Indeed the relation of mother and son could not be more delicately portrayed. This is altogether a striking book, as original in treatment as it is in conception.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Pemberton has many virtues and few vices. He always has a story to tell, and he is never dull. If he makes large drafts on our credulity, why quarrel with him on that score? "The Footsteps of a Throne" is marked by all his old brightness and vigour, and, besides this, gives a really good picture of Russian society at the present time. Our ignorance of Russia and things Russian is exhaustive and amazing, while Mr. Pemberton has studied the country from the inside. This does not imply that he is in any way the slave of his note-book. The local colour never becomes anything more than the framework of the story. The book would be readable enough without it, but it adds greatly to the interest. Mr. Pemberton's view is perhaps a little pessimistic, particularly of Moscow. But then Russia is a depressing country, and the gloom of the background only accentuates the brightness of the heroine. It is a mistake, in our judgment, to introduce Muravieff. Great names are best let alone in fiction of this type, especially when another would have done equally well. Really it is no small compliment to the book that this is the worst fault we have to find with it.

THE LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING. By Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

These stories of life in Lower Canada are a little less dramatic, perhaps a little less good as actual stories, than some of their predecessors. But the pleasant manner is here, the savour of romance and of poetry. Pontiac folks are always charming as they are presented to us fresh from Mr. Parker's brain, and even when they appear with no particular story wrapped about them they are welcome, if only for their grace. The title story is the best, not so much for the sake of the beautiful Madelinette, as of her patriotic, proud, poetic, and impossible husband, the Seigneur of Pontiac. Mr. Parker has been elsewhere more of an artist. But we have in these tales a greater sense of reality; we feel the observer more than the inventor. And, therefore, it does not surprise us to hear the author saying, "This collection has been the most cherished of all my labours, covering, as it has done, so many years, and being the accepted of my anxious judgment out of a much larger gathering."

THE ISLE OF UNREST. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Decidedly the best thing in Mr. Merriman's new book is the title. There could be no better description than this of Corsica, turbulent, untameable, torn by the vendetta spirit in its most ruthless form. For the rest the book is disappointing. Mr. Merriman is more cynical and more given to mannerisms than of old. We grow tired of the monotonous flattery of French women. There are far too many sentences of this type: "Then being a practical Frenchwoman—and there is no more practical being in the world—she rang for luncheon." This may be true, but it need not be repeated every chapter. The plot also is not too clear, and the Corsican part savours a little of the guide-book. From that point of view it is no doubt excellent, but it does not further the story. We have a glimpse of Franco-German war and of Napoleon III., who is sketched in a very favourable light. This is perhaps the best part of the book; for the Corsican chapters, more novel in subject, are tedious and over-elaborate. Mr. Merriman's work is always clever and always readable. The fault of this book, apart from irritating mannerisms, is simply that it is lacking in interest.

PHILIP WINWOOD. By R. N. Stephens. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is a bright and spirited story of the American War of Independence. The plot is ingenious, and maintains its interest unflagging to the end. In style the book is simple and unpretentious, and it is set off by a most effective cover design. The heroine is duly capricious, as all good heroines should be, and the hero is immaculate, monotonously so, in fact. It is a common fault in books of this type to draw rather too sharp a line between the sheep and the goats. After all it is possible for the sheep to be a little too sheepish. Still, as the book is intended mainly for schoolboys, whom it ought to interest immensely, this sharp distinction may have its uses. Mr. Stephens has studied his period with care, and the history and the local colour are alike admirable. It would be an excellent gift book for a boy, and even older people might go farther and fare worse.

THE BARON'S SONS. By Maurus Jókai. Translated by P. F. Bicknell. 6s. (Macqueen.)

This is certainly one of the best stories of the Hungarian novelist that has yet been given us in English. Does it owe something to the translator's abridgement of the text? Very likely. We have an impression of force and unity too much lacking in some of the others. The subject is a fine one—or rather the scenes amid which the story plays are wonderfully stirring and picturesque. The rising of Hungary for constitutional liberty in 1848-9 was the occasion of wonderful heroism, of extraordinary displays of character and energy. Jókai knew that time well, and he writes out of a fervent memory. It is a book of great scenes rather than a story. The most impassive reader must surely thrill once or twice—say at the tale of the flight of the hussars over the Carpathians and at the duel between the two brothers. This was the challenge to the duel: "You have joined the volunteers who are to storm the castle garden at the point of the bayonet; I am enrolled among those whose task it will be to carry the main bastion by scaling-ladders. When the first cannon shot is fired our duel will begin, and he who first mounts the enemy's fortifications will have obtained satisfaction from the other." And the end is worthy of the challenge.

A KING'S PAWN. By Hamilton Drummond. 6s. (Blackwood.)

The time of Henry of Navarre Mr. Drummond knows through and through. He has a predilection for that monarch on account of his charm and subtlety, but he does not idealise him, and makes his hero in this book fight for Henry, and play his game, and love him, with his eyes open to his defects. The hero, not the young stripling of fashionable adventure fiction, but a staid man of mature years, is a fine combination of prudence and daring; his old squire Marcel is even more to our liking; and on their expedition into Spain on the king's errand, they shame youth with their daily feats and heroism. Dumas is clearly the inspirer of the book. We trace the Dumas inspiration plainly in the old villainess, Teresa Saumarez. But Mr. Drummond only needs Dumas to set the tone, to control the temper of his tale. His material he has found himself and thoroughly digested, and inventions he has and to spare. The work in the story is beyond the appreciation of the ordinary school-boy reader.

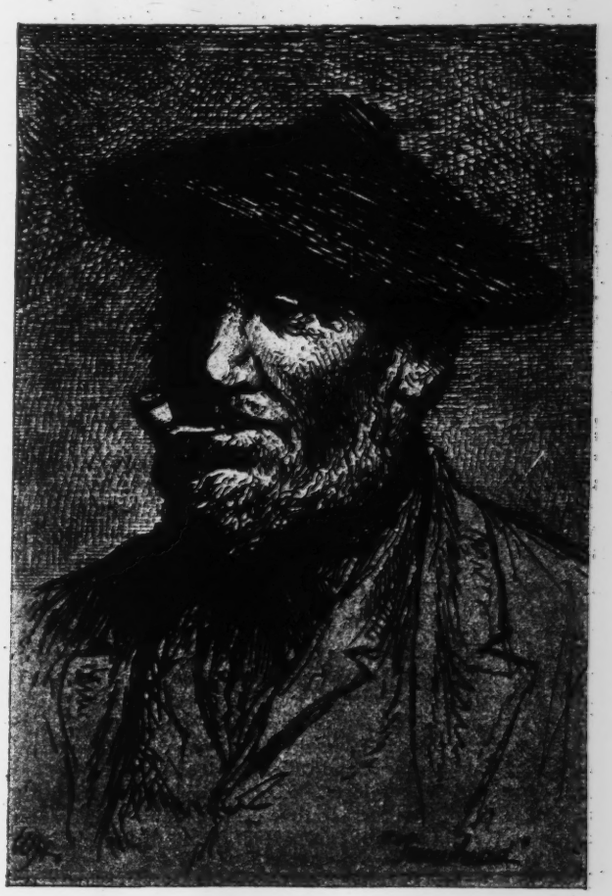
THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE WOMEN OF THE RENAISSANCE. By R. de Maulde la Clavière. Translated by George Herbert Ely. 10s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)

A book with as much thought as lies in this volume of M. de Maulde does not come in a reviewer's way often enough to cloy his taste. It is a French book, undoubtedly; even in its excellent English translation it can never be Englishised in any degree. The youngest, the lightest of us, would have taken the subject with a different lightness, perhaps; but, if serious at all, with a seriousness as far removed from that of M. de Maulde and his Renaissance ladies, as Plato himself was removed from the majority of those who profess a belief in Platonic love. Everything is so brightly, so captivatingly important in this volume; the search into the past has been so well rewarded, the conclusions are so shrewd and clever, the subject is so limitless, yet curiously limited, that as history or as psychology it should gain a large public. It undervalues itself in declaring that in it a few women's hearts are deciphered; it is truer to say that in it most women's souls are probed—certainly most French women's souls. It is a genuine study of feminism, and the moral of it is that "good women should love the beautiful, and that virtue can be neither tiresome nor torpid."

THE ICE WORLD OF HIMALAYA. By Fanny Bullock Workman, M.R.A.S., etc., and William Hunter Workman, M.A., M.D., etc. 16s. (Unwin.)

Matthias Zurbriggen, the well-known Alpine guide, himself wrote a short time ago, if our memory may be trusted, "I saw that Mrs. Workman was a good hand at resisting fatigue; although not a rapid, she was a very persevering climber." These merits are amply proved in this present volume. It is a



"T'NOWHEAD."

By William Hole, R.S.A.

"'Am no nane sure but what am a humorist too.'"
—*A Window in Thrums.*

book no mountaineer should pass over; for, added to the simple and concise descriptions of preparations, people, country and climate, the careful and detailed accounts of the ascents of

the various mountains attacked are valuable and extremely interesting. After several climbs of 13,000 to over 17,000 feet—notably the Kanga La, a magnificent but difficult and seldom crossed pass—there came the pioneer ascents in 1899, when, accompanied by Zurbriggen, the authors of this volume climbed the Siegfriedhorn, 18,600 feet; the Mount Bullock Workman, 19,450 feet; and the Koser Gunge, 21,000 feet; climbs in every way worthy of record, and an altitude higher by several thousand feet than has ever before been reached by a woman. The experiences of, and remarks on, coolies are informing; they may even be amusing now; but as indications of the aggravations and impediments to be met with in mountaineering, and the patience and endurance needed, they are useful, and demand the sympathy of every mountaineer. The volume is full of sense and help, and much matter interesting to the general reader as well as to climbers; and in addition to this it contains nearly seventy illustrations.

A HISTORY OF THE ISLE OF MAN. By A. W. Moore, M.A. Two Vols. 32s. (Unwin.)

"Thorough" is the adjective which comes to the lips when one has read Mr. Moore's "History of the Isle of Man," and wishes to utter some opinion on it. It is very interesting—this large account of a little land—even in turning the pages casually the eye is caught a score of times by some sentence which arrests; also it displays acuteness, fairness, and wisdom; but, above all, it is thorough. Dealing with the island from days far back beyond the Ice Age, and following it up to the present time, Mr. Moore has gone to original, authentic, and unprinted sources for his facts, and has traced his points from period to period with admirable completeness. The social, political, and economic conditions are fully and intelligently treated of, as are also the constitutional history, and the native industries; while interesting and valuable chapters are given on the Celtic Period, Church and Nonconformity, and the Land Question. By his former works the author, who is the Speaker of the Manx House of Keys, has proved his ability and his interest in the Isle and its antiquities, and by his present work he has earned the right to be accounted an authority on all subjects connected with his island home.

ATLANTIS. The Book of the Angels. Interpreted by D. Bridgman-Metchim. With illustrations by the Author. 10s. 6d. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)

The name of the semi-mythical "Atlantis" is well chosen as the title of a work of imagination which aims at filling up the blanks left in the Genesis narrative of the antediluvian world. To depict the life and history of the Adamites during that period when "their superhuman attainments demanded their destruction," is a task which genius itself can scarcely attempt with safety. The present attempt will certainly not be accepted as carrying conviction. It recalls Flaubert by its love of gorgeous scenery, terrifying incidents, and human passion; but a history based upon the fascination of the angels by the beauty of woman is pretty sure to become grotesque. Admirers of Marie Corelli may, however, find something in this volume to gratify them. Who can tell? To the prosaic person it seems a wild farrago of geology, angelology, ethnology, love, war, and myth. The illustrations, by their dimness, cleverness, and strange forms, fitly represent the letter-press.

THE BIBLE TRUE FROM THE BEGINNING. By Edward Gough, B.A. Vol. VII. 16s. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co.)

There are few things more pathetic in life than the abuse of capacity. Mr. Gough has quite unusual knowledge, but he so employs it that less endowed men can derive no benefit from it. Here is a volume of nearly 700 pages, the successor of six similar masses of print, composed largely of extracts from commentaries and criticisms upon them, and which yet, in the nature of things, must largely be labour lost. What is the average reader to make of this: "Since the narrative is all in the Sinaitic Process, and all on the S. Grade, it is clear that moral declension is not here being indicated by a change from the Sud Process to the Sinaitic Process, nor by a change from the G. M. Grade to the S. Grade." In a few dedicatory verses, he says:

"What thou hast told me I to others tell,
Nor ask: Will it be welcome? Will it sell?"

That may be very noble sentiment, but from a business point of view it is not to be commended. Why not be at pains to publish in a form which is likely to make truth both welcome and saleable?

CHRIST THE TRUTH. An Essay towards the Organization of Christian Thinking. By Rev. William Medley, M.A., of Rawdon College. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

This "Essay," consisting of eight chapters, was delivered at Regent's Park College as the third series of "Angus" Lectures. It may at once be said that it is a remarkable volume, exhibiting unusual power of sustained original thought. It presents us with no mere re-arrangement of truth that has already been sufficiently proclaimed, but with a serious and not unsuccessful attempt to correlate the various provinces of truth. Mr. Medley's argument is addressed to those who have already found their life in the practical acceptance of the Christian faith, but are unable to harmonize and reconcile with that faith the various ideas which, as educated men, they feel compelled to entertain. There exists an unnatural alienation of certain provinces of thought, and this alienation the lecturer seeks to reduce by exhibiting the correlation and interdependence of all human thought. Truth is, according to Mr. Medley, another name for Reality—that is, for all that appeals to us and claims us "as being as truly existent as we are ourselves." It is that which can be utterly trusted and acted upon. But truth thus defined cannot be apprehended by any single faculty. The environing Reality which answers to our whole nature, and "is ever breaking through into our life, and claiming us," is immensely wider than the mere sections of it which appeal to one or other of our faculties. In fact, when closely considered, truth discloses itself as existing in a gradational scale, or in ever-widening concentric circles, appealing more and more nearly to the whole of the human personality. "Thus we pass from a merely logical truth to a scientific truth, a philosophical truth, a poetic truth, a moral truth, until we are brought to that which, as I think, gives us both the appeal and the response to it at their maximum of width, and depth, and intensity—personal truth. Here is involved, on the one hand, the highest form or mode of Reality which appeals to us—truth as it is in a person; and, on the other, that completest form of belief, of Faith, which it claims." Space cannot be afforded here to trace more fully Mr. Medley's argument; it must suffice to commend it to the attention of all interested in such subjects, with the assurance that they will find much that is both new and true, an important argument conducted with moderation and intellectual acumen, and expressed in a lucid style that frequently rises into genuine eloquence.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

SEPTEMBER 15TH TO OCTOBER 15TH, 1900.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BEVAN, Rev. E. L., M.A.—A Book of Prayers for Boys, 8d. Skeffington

[*Direct and sensible. Especially suitable for boys at Confirmation. The office of Holy Communion is included.*]

BRIDGMAN-METCHIM, D.—Atlantis, The Book of the Angels, Illus., 10/6 net .....Sonnenschein

GALTON, ARTHUR—Rome and Romanizing, 1/-.....Skeffington

[*In three chapters, "Why I entered the Roman Church," "Why I left the Roman Church," and "The Papal System, and the Church of England." Mr. Galton presents his experience, which he wishes to be also a warning. The substance of this essay appeared a short time ago in the "National Review."*]

GOUGH, E.—The Bible True from the Beginning, 16/-....Kegan Paul

GROTE, JOHN.—Exploratio Philosophica, Part II., edited by J. Bickersteth Mayor, M.A., 9/-.....Camb. Univ. Press

[*After a gap of over thirty years we receive the second volume of Professor Grote's valuable work. His death, in the year following the publication of the first volume, left the work unfinished, but with admirable care and discrimination Mr. Bickersteth Mayor has now completed it. A fine portrait of Grote himself forms the frontispiece.*]

Homilies of St. Augustine, Thirteen, with Translation and Notes by H. F. Stewart, M.A., 4/-.....Camb. Univ. Press

[*These are the homilies of St. Augustine on St. John xiv., prepared in English for the first time. The notes give clearly and concisely the characteristics of the saint and the chief facts of his life.*]

LILLIE, ARTHUR.—Buddha and Buddhism, 3/- .....T. and T. Clark

MATHESON, GEORGE, D.D.—Studies of the Portrait of Christ, Vol. II. 6/- .....Hodder and Stoughton

MEDLEY, Rev. W., M.A.—Christ the Truth, 6/- .....Macmillan

SPALDING, the Right Rev. J. L., D.D.—Education and the Future of Religion .....Ave Maria Press, Indiana

[*A thoughtful, suggestive sermon.*]

STUBBS, CHARLES WILLIAM, D.D.—The Social Teaching of the Lord's Prayer, 1/6 .....Wells Gardner

[*In four sermons preached before the University of Oxford, "Social Order," "Social Progress," "Social Justice," and "Social Duty," the Dean of Ely dwells upon the Lord's Prayer as a social Paternoster, a plea for brotherhood, and points to the vastness of the mission which lies before the Church by reason of this socialistic force in Christianity.*]

NEW EDITION.

GRIFFITH JONES, E.—The Ascent Through Christ, 3/6 .....Bowden

[*A fourth edition of this notable work, which has so promptly compelled attention and thought.*]

FICTION.

AGNEW, Mrs. CHARLES.—The Pestilence that Walketh in Darkness, an Anti-Ritualistic Novel, 2/6.....Sonnenschein

[*Good tracts make bad fiction. This would, probably, have made a good tract.*]

"ALIEN."—The Devil's Half-Acre, 6/- .....Unwin

ANDREWS, MARION.—Sylvia's Romance, 1/- .....Wells Gardner

[*A pretty little love story of the period when coaches were stopped on Hounslow Heath, and Jacobite plots were thick in the air. The author could have strengthened her book by describing, instead of shirking, the scene where Sylvia gains the pardon for her lover. This was a missed opportunity.*]

ANSTEY, F.—The Brass Bottle, 6/-.....Smith, Elder

BAGNALL-STUBBS, T.—The Order of Isis, 6/- .....Skeffington

[*The thrilling tale of a quest for an Egyptian manuscript, or roll of the Revelation of Isis, undertaken by an army officer on being ordered to the Soudan. Horrors and mysteries are so thick in these pages that the battle of Omdurman at the end sinks into insignificance; the Sirdar's record is childlike compared with that of Isis.*]

BARRIE, J. M.—Tommy and Grizel, 6/- .....Cassell

BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, J.—Servants of Sin, 6/- .....Methuen

BRERETON, Capt. F. S., R.A.M.C.—With Rifle and Bayonet, 5/- Blackie

[*This story of the Boer War, written by an author who has himself been in the thick of it, should meet with a warm welcome. The gallant hero, after many excitements, volunteers as a despatch rider, and sees the realities of battle. After imprisonment at Pretoria he escapes, and gets his fill of hard work and glory.*]

BROWNE, M. M. LATHOM.—Units in a Crowd..Ch. of Eng.Temp.Soc.

[*Pathetic story of an overworked little East End girl, with a drunken father and a crippled mother. It contains obvious lessons.*]

BUCHAN, JOHN.—The Half-Hearted, 6/- .....Isbister

CAPES, BERNARD.—Joan Brotherhood, 6/- .....Pearson

CAREY, R. NOUCHETTE.—Rue With a Difference, 6/- ....Macmillan

COBB, THOMAS.—The Bountiful Lady, 1/6 .....Richards

[*Mr. Cobb has here used pen and power in providing No. 5 of that pretty series, "Dumpy Books for Children." In it miserable Mary Brown becomes happy, and Evangeline marries the prince.*]

COBB, THOMAS.—The Dissemblers, 6/- .....Lane

COLMORE, G.—The Marble Face, 6/-.....Smith, Elder

CONRAD, JOSEPH.—Lord Jim, 6/-.....Blackwood

CRAWFORD, J. H.—The Autobiography of a Tramp, 5/- net Longmans

DRUMMOND, HAMILTON.—A King's Pawn, 6/- .....Blackwood

DUDENEY, Mrs. HENRY—Men of Marlowe's, 6/- .....Long

EDWARDES, CHARLES.—Jones the Mysterious, 2/-.....Blackie

[*An amusing story of school boys and school life. "Jones the Mysterious," aided by his Hindoo servant, has the power of vanishing at appropriate times. Such a power, where a schoolboy is concerned, may be trusted to bring about good situations.*]

ELLIS, E. S.—Red Jacket, The Last of the Senecas, 2/6 .....Cassell

[*Jack Ripley is sixteen, and the hero; Red Jacket is the Indian chief and a crafty villain. The former contrives to join an expedition against the Iroquois, as scout. The latter contrives to outwit most persons. One gains adventure and glory; the other—eulogy on his tombstone. The tale is to be commended.*]

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FIELDING, H.—Palace Tales, 6/- .....Harper
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